

FRONTISPIECE.



E. W. Satchwell del.

J. Scott sculp.

Floricourt, jealous of the attention paid by Cecilia to her Goldfinch, attempts its destruction.

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MORAL TALES,

BY

M. MARMONTEL.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION.

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ORIGINAL PREFACE.

HAVING been engaged for some time since in writing upon comedy, I searched into nature for the rules and means of the art. This study led me to examine if it were true, as has been said, that all the great strokes of ridicule had been seized by Moliere, and the poets who have followed him.

In running over the canvas of society, I thought I perceived that in the inexhaustible combinations of follies and extravagancies of all conditions, a man of genius might still find sufficient employment. I had even collected some observations to propose to young poets, when my friend, M. de Boïssi, desired me to supply him with some pieces in prose, to insert in the *Mercure*. It came into my head to make use, in a tale, of one of the strokes in my collection; and I chose, by way of essay, the ridiculous

pretension of being loved merely for one's-self. This tale had all the success that such a trifle could have. My friend pressed me to give him a second. I proposed to myself to display the folly of those who use authority to bring a woman to reason; and I chose for an example a sultan and his slave, as being the two extremes of power and dependence. This fresh essay also succeeded; and, pleased with having hit the taste of the public, in a species of writing which they deigned to look upon as new, I continued to exercise myself in it.

I shall say little concerning the stile: when it is I that speak, I deliver myself up to the actual impression of the sentiment, or image which I mean to present: my subject furnishes me with the manner. When I make my characters speak, all the art I employ is to fancy myself present at their conversation, and to write down what I imagine I hear. In general, the most simple imitation of nature, in the manners and language, is what I have endeavoured in these tales: if they have not this merit, they have none.

I proposed, some years since, under the article Dialogue in the Encyclopædia, to banish the
said

said he, and said she, from lively and animated dialogue. I have made the experiment in these tales, and I think it has succeeded. This manner of rendering the narration more rapid, is uncouth only at first; as soon as we are accustomed to it, it makes the talent of reading well appear with greater lustre.

The success which the story of Soliman has had upon the stage, as treated by a gentleman who writes with much ease and elegance, permits me to hope that the same use will be made of some of these little pictures of human life; and for the future I shall employ myself (as I have done in the three new tales, *The Good Husband*, *The Connoisseur*, and *School of Fathers*) in choosing stories easy to be brought upon the stage, in order to give authors less trouble.

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Sharp Sculp.

ALCIBIADES OR THE SELF.

MORAL TALES.

ALCIBIADES:

Or, SELF.

NATURE and fortune seemed to have conspired towards the happiness of Alcibiades. Riches, talents, person, birth, the flower of youth, and of health; what titles for the possession of every foppery! Alcibiades had but one: he wanted to be loved for *himself* only. From the lightest coquette up to the greatest prude, he had seduced every female in Athens; but in loving him, was it really *himself* that they loved? This whimsical piece of delicacy seized him one

VOL. I.

B

morning

morning as he was just come from paying his court to a prude : this is the moment for reflection. Alcibiades's thoughts turned upon what is called the *sentimental*, the *metaphysics* of love. " I am a pretty fool," said he, " to " throw away my attention on a woman who " perhaps loves me only for her own sake ! I " will know the truth of it, by all the Gods ! " and if that be the case, she may look out " among our prize-fighters for a lover to serve " in my place."

The charming prude, according to custom, still opposed some feeble resistance to the desires of Alcibiades. It was a dreadful affair ! she could not even think of it without blushing ! it was necessary to be smitten as deeply as she was, in order to come to such a resolution. She could have wished for all the world that he were less young and less pressing. Alcibiades took her at her word. " I perceive, " Madam," said he one day, " that these compliments cost you dear. Well, I am determined " to give you a proof of the most perfect love. " Yes, I consent, since you will have it so, " that our *souls* only may be united, and I give " you my word that I will ask nothing more."

The prude commended this resolution with an air sufficient to have destroyed it. Alcibiades, however, kept to the text. She was

was surprised and piqued ; but was obliged to dissemble.

The day following, every temptation which the most enchanting dishabille could afford was made use of. The liveliness of desire sparkled in her eyes ; a voluptuous negligence in her air. The slightest covering, the most favourable disorder, every thing about her invited Alcibiades to forget himself. He perceived the snare. "What a victory," said he to her. "Madam, what a victory have I now to gain over myself ! I see plainly that love is putting me to the trial, and I am glad of it. The delicacy of my sentiments shall appear with greater lustre. These coverings so thin and transparent, these couches, of which pleasure herself seems to have formed her throne, your beauty, my desires, how many enemies are these to subdue ! Ulysses could not have escaped them, Hercules would have fallen before them. I will be wiser than Ulysses, and less frail than Hercules. Yes, I will convince you, that the single pleasure of loving can take place of all other pleasures." "You are a charming creature," said she, "and I may pride myself in having a very extraordinary lover ; all I dread is, lest your passion should be weakened by its rigour." "On the con-

“trary,” interrupted Alcibiades briskly, “it will only become the more ardent.”—“But, my dear child, you are young; there are moments when we are not masters of ourselves; and I should think your fidelity in great danger, if I were to deliver you up to your desires.”—“Be easy, Madam, I will be answerable for every thing. If I can conquer my desires towards you, who is there towards whom I shall not be master of them? You promise me, at least,” said she, “that if they become too violent, you will fairly confess it? Do not let any mistaken bashfulness restrain you. Do not pique yourself on keeping your word with me: there is nothing I would not sooner pardon you, than an instance of infidelity.”—“Yes, Madam, I will confess my weakness to you, with the greatest sincerity in the world, whenever I am ready to yield to it; but suffer me, at least, to try my own strength; I feel that it will yet go a great way; and I hope that love will give me new force.” The prude was now quite enraged; but, without giving herself the lie, she could not complain. She still checked herself, in hopes that on a new trial, Alcibiades would give way. He received the day after, as soon as he awoke, a billet conceived in these terms: “I
“ have

"have passed a most cruel night ; come to
" see me. I cannot live without you."

He arrives at the prude's. Her window-
curtains were but half open : a gentle day
stole into the apartment, on waves of purple.
The prude was yet in a bed strewed with roses.

" Come," said she to him, with a plaintive
voice, " come, and ease my inquietudes. A

" frightful dream has disturbed me all night.

" I thought I saw you at the feet of a rival.

" Oh ! I shudder at it even yet ! I have al-

" ready told you, Alcibiades, that I cannot

" live under the apprehensions of your pro-

" ving unfaithful : my misfortune would be

" the more cutting, as I should myself be

" the cause ; and I would at least have no-

" thing to reproach myself. It is in vain

" for you to promise me, that you will sub-

" due yourself ; you are too young to be able

" to do so long. Do I not know you ? I

" perceive that I have required too much of

" you ; I am sensible that it is both impru-

" dent and cruel to impose such hard terms

" on you." As she spoke these words, with

the most touching air in the world, Alcibia-

des threw himself at her feet. " I am very

" unhappy, Madam," said he, " if you have

not a sufficient esteem for me, to believe me

" capable of attaching myself to you by the

" ties of sentiment only ! After all, of what

“ have I deprived myself? Of that which is a
“ dishonour to love. I blush to see that you
“ set any value on such a sacrifice. But were
“ it as great as you imagine it, I should but
“ have the more glory.” “ No, my dear
“ Alcibiades,” said the prude, giving him at
“ the same time her hand, “ I wish not for a
“ sacrifice that costs you so dear: I am too
“ well assured, and too much pleased with the
“ pure and delicate love you have so fully tes-
“ tified for me. Be happy; I consent to
“ it.” “ I am so, Madam,” cried he, “ in
“ the pleasure of living for you. Cease to
“ suspect and complain of me; you see before
“ you the most faithful, most tender, and
“ most respectful of lovers” “ And the
“ foolishhest,” interrupted she, drawing the
curtains roughly, and calling to her slaves.
Alcibiades sallied out in a rage, to find that he
had been loved only like another man, and
fully resolved never more to see a woman who
had taken him merely for her own pleasure.
“ It is not thus,” said he, “ that we love in
“ the age of innocence; and if the young
“ Glycerium should feel for me what her
“ eyes seem to declare, I am very certain it
“ must be love in its utmost purity.”

Glycerium, just fifteen years, began already
to excite the wishes of the handsomest young
men.

men. Let us form to ourselves the image of a rose-bud just opening; such were the freshness and splendour of her beauty.

Alcibiades presented himself, and his rivals disappeared. It was not yet the custom at Athens to marry, in order to hate and despise one another the next day; but they gave the young folks time, before wedlock, to see and converse with each other with a becoming freedom: the young ladies did not commit the care of their virtue to their guardians. They were discreet of themselves. Modesty did not begin to make a feeble resistance, till after it was robbed of the honours of victory. Glycerium's made the handsomest defence. Alcibiades omitted nothing to surprise or win her. He extolled the young Athenian lady for her talents, her graces, her beauty; he made her perceive, in every thing she said, a refinement she never meant to give it, and a delicacy of which she had not so much as thought.—What a pity, that with so many charms she was not endued with a sensible heart! “I adore you,” said he to her, “and I am happy if you love me. Do not be afraid to tell me so: an ingenuous candour is the virtue peculiar to your age. It is in vain that they have given the name of prudence to dissimu-

“ lation : that beautiful mouth is not made to
“ disguise the sentiments of your heart : let it
“ rather be the organ of Love, since it was for
“ himself that he formed it.” “ If you would
“ have me be sincere,” replied Glycerium,
with a modesty mingled with tenderness, “ con-
“ trive at least that I may be so without blush-
“ ing. I would not disguise the sentiments of
“ my heart, neither would I violate my duty ;
“ and I should betray either the one or the
“ other, if I were to say more.” Glycerium
wished that their marriage should be agreed
upon before she explained herself. Alcibiades
wanted her to explain herself before they
should think of marriage. “ It will be a fine
“ time indeed,” said he, “ to assure me of
“ your love, when marriage shall have made it
“ a duty, and I shall have reduced you to the
“ necessity of counterfeiting : it is now that
“ you are free, that it would please me to hear
“ from that mouth the disinterested confession
“ of a natural and pure sentiment.”—“ Well,
“ then! be content, and reproach me not
“ with wanting a sensible heart ; it has at
“ least been so since I have seen you. I esteem
“ you sufficiently to trust you with the se-
“ cret of my heart ; but now it has escaped
“ me, I ask one favour of you : it is, not to
“ request any more private interviews, till you
“ have adjusted the affair with those on whom
“ I de-

“ I depend.” The confession which Alcibiades had just obtained would have completed the happiness of any other less difficult lover ; but his whim still possessed him. He wanted still to see whether he was loved for *himself*. “ I will not conceal from you,” said he, “ that the offer which I am going to make may not be attended with success. Your relations receive me with a cold civility, which I should have taken for a dismission, if the pleasure I have in seeing you had not overcome my delicacy ; but if I oblige your father to explain himself, there will no longer be any room for dissembling. He is a member of the Areopagus : Socrates, the most virtuous of men, is there suspected and odious ; I am the friend and disciple of Socrates, and I greatly fear that the hatred they have for him may extend to me. My apprehensions perhaps carry me too far ; but at last, if your father sacrifice us to his politics, if he refuses to give me your hand, what do you determine to do ? ” “ To be unhappy,” replied Glycerium, “ and to submit to my destiny.” — “ You will see me then no more ? ” — “ If they forbid me to see you, I must obey.” — “ You will obey then also, if they propose another husband to you ? ” — “ I shall become the victim of my duty.” — “ And out of

“duty likewise you will love the husband
“they shall chuse for you?”—“I shall endeavour
“your not to hate him; but what questions
“you put to me! What would you think of
“me yourself, if I entertained any other sentiments?”—“That you loved me as you
“ought to love me.”—“It is too true that I
“do love you.”—“No, Glycerium, Love
“knows no law; he is above all obstacles;
“but to do you justice, this sentiment is
“too great for your age. It requires firm
“and courageous souls, whom difficulties
“animate, and ill-fortune does not shock.
“Such a passion, I confess, is rare. To wish
“for an estate, a name, and a fortune at one’s
“disposal; to throw one’s self, in short, into
“the arms of a husband, to protect one
“against one’s parents; this is what is now
“called love, but what I call a desire of
“independence.” This is downright tyr-
“ranny,” said Glycerium, with tears in her
“eyes, “to add injury to reproaches. I have
“said nothing to you, but what was tender
“and honest. Did I balance one moment to
“sacrifice my lovers to you? Did I hesitate
“to confess to you your triumphs? What is it
“you ask further of me?” “I ask of you,”
said he, “to swear a constancy to me proof
“against every thing; to swear to me, that
“you

"you will be mine, whatever happens; and
"that you will be only mine."—"Indeed,
"Sir," said she, "that is what I will never
"do."—"Indeed, Madam, I ought to have
"expected this answer, and I blush that I
"have exposed myself to it." At these words
he retired, transported with anger, and saying
to himself, "I was well set to work to fall
"in love with a child, who has no soul, and
"whose heart disposes of itself only by the ad-
"vice of her parents."

There was in Athens a young widow who
appeared inconsolable for the loss of her hus-
band. Alcibiades paid her, as all the world
did, his first devoirs, with that grave air which
decorum enjoins towards persons afflicted.
The widow found a sensible consolation in the
discourses of this disciple of Socrates, and
Alcibiades an inexpressible charm in the tears
of the widow. Their moral discourses, how-
ever, grew more lively every day. They
joined in praises on the good qualities of the
deceased, and agreed as to his bad ones. He
was the honestest man in the world! but his
understanding, strictly speaking, was but ordi-
nary. He had a pretty good figure, but
without elegance or grace; full of attention
and care, but his assiduity was tiresome.
In short, she was in despair for having lost so
B 6 good,

good a husband, but fully resolved not to take a second. "What," said Alcibiades, "at your age renounce matrimony!" "I confess to you," said the widow, "that as aversive as I am to slavery, yet liberty frightens me as much. At my age, delivered up to my own guidance, and being quite independent, what will become of me!" Alcibiades failed not to insinuate, that between the bondage of matrimony and the abandoned state of widowhood, there was a middle path; and that with respect to decorums, nothing in the world was easier to be reconciled to them, than a tender attachment. She was startled at the proposition! she had rather die. Die at the age of loves and graces! it was easy to show the ridiculousness of such a project, and the widow dreaded nothing so much as ridicule. It was resolved, therefore, that she should not die; it was already decided, that she could not even live without being protected by somebody; this somebody could be only a lover, and, without prejudice, she knew no man more worthy than Alcibiades to please and attach her. He redoubled his assiduities: at first she complained of them; in a short time she accustomed herself to them; at length she asked the meaning of them; and to avoid all imprudence, they settled matters decently.

Alcibiades

Alcibiades was now at the pinnacle of his desires. It was neither the pleasures of love, nor the advantages of matrimony, that were to be loved in him; it was he *himself*, at least he imagined so. He triumphed over the grief, prudence, and pride of a woman, who required nothing in return, but secrecy and love. The widow, on her side, plumed herself on holding under her dominion the object of the jealousy of all the beauties of Greece. But how few persons know how to enjoy without a confidante! Alcibiades, while a lover in secret, was only a common lover like another man, and the greatest triumph is no further pleasing, than in proportion as it is public. An author has said that it is not enough to be in a fine country, if we have no one whom we can say to, "What a fine corn-try!" The widow found, in like manner, that it was not sufficient to have Alcibiades for a lover, if she could not tell any one, "I have Alcibiades for a lover." She communicated it therefore, in confidence, to an intimate friend, who communicated it again to her lover, and he to all Greece. Alcibiades, astonished that his adventure was become public, thought it his duty to acquaint the widow of it, who accused him of indiscretion. "If I were capable of any such thing," said he,

he, " I should suffer those reports to prevail,
" which I had been desirous of propagating ;
" but I wish for nothing so much as to stifle
" them. Let us be upon our guard ; let
" us avoid meeting in public ; and when-
" ever accident may happen to bring us
" together, be not offended at the strange
" and careless air I shall affect towards you."
The widow received all this but very indiffer-
rently. " I perceive indeed," said she, " that
" you will be the more at ease for it : assidui-
" ties and attention confine you too much, and
" you ask nothing better than the power of
" wandering. But for me, what sort of a
" countenance would you have me put on ?
" I know not how to act the coquette :
" weary of every thing in your absence,
" pensive and embarrassed before you, I
" shall have the appearance of being trifled
" with, and, in fact, perhaps *shall* be so.
" If they are persuaded that you possess me,
" there is no remedy : the world is not
" to be brought back. Where will be the
" good then of this pretended mystery ? We
" shall have the appearance, you of a disen-
" gaged lover, I of a forsaken mistress."
This answer from the widow surprised Alci-
biades ; her conduct completed his astonish-
ment. Day after day she gave herself greater
freedoms

freedoms and liberty : at any public show she expected that he should be seated behind her, and that he should hand her to the temple, and be of the party in her walks and suppers. She affected above all things to have him among her rivals ; and in the midst of them, it was her pleasure that he should see nobody but her : she commanded him in an absolute tone of voice, viewed him with an eye of mystery, smiled at him with an air of meaning, and whispered him in the ear with that familiarity which betrays to the world the connection there is between two persons. He saw plainly, that she led him every where like a slave chained to her car. " I have taken airs for sentiments," said he, with a sigh : " it is not *myself* that she loves ; " it is the glory of having conquered me ; she " would despise me if she had no rivals. Let " me teach her, that vanity is unworthy to fix " love."

The envy of the philosophers could not forgive Socrates, that he taught nothing in public but truth and virtue : they preferred every day to the Areopagus the heaviest complaints against this dangerous citizen. Socrates, employed in doing good, let them say all the harm of him they thought proper ; but Alcibiades, devoted to Socrates, opposed his enemies. He presented himself before the magistrates ; he reproached

reproached them with listening to base persons, and countenancing impostors; and spoke of his master as the justest and wisest of mortals. Enthusiasm creates eloquence: in the conferences which he had with one of the members of the Areopagus, in presence of the wife of the judge, he spoke with so much sweetness and vehemence, with so much sense and reason, his beauty glowed with a fire so noble and affecting, that this virtuous woman was affected to the bottom of her soul. She took her perturbation for admiration. "So-crates," said she to her spouse, "is really a divine man; if he makes such disciples. I am charmed with the eloquence of this young man; it is impossible to hear him without improvement." The magistrate, who was far from doubting the prudence of his wife, informed Alcibiades of the praises she bestowed on him. Alcibiades was pleased with them, and asked the husband's permission to cultivate the esteem of his wife. The good man invited him to his house. "My wife," said he, "is a philosopher too, and I shall be very glad to see you disputing together." Rhodope (for that was the name of this respectable matron) prided herself indeed on her philosophy, and that of Socrates from the mouth of Alcibiades pleased her more and more. I forgot to mention, that she was of that age in which

which women are past being *pretty*, but in which they may still be reckoned *handsome*; in which perhaps they are a little less lovely, but in which they know better how to love, Alcibiades paid his devoirs to her. She distrusted neither him nor herself. The study of wisdom filled up all their conversations. The lessons of Socrates passed from the soul of Alcibiades into that of Rhodope, and in their passage gathered new charms: it was a rivulet of pure water running over flowers. Rhodope became every day more changed: she accustomed herself to define, according to the principles of Socrates, wisdom and virtue, truth and justice. Friendship came in its turn; and, after examining its essence, "I should be glad," said Rhodope, "to know what difference Socrates makes between love and friendship?" "Though Socrates is not one of those philosophers," replied Alcibiades, "who analyse every thing, yet he distinguishes three sorts of love: the one gross and base, which is common to us with other animals; that is to say, the impulse of necessity, and the relish of pleasure: the other, pure and celestial, by which we approach the gods; this is the most ardent and tender friendship: lastly, the third, which participates of the two first, preserves

"the

“the medium between the gods and the brutes,
“and seems the most natural to man; this is
“the union of souls cemented by that of the
“senses.”

“Socrates gives the preference to the poor
“charm of friendship; but as he thinks it no
“crime in nature to contain spirit united to
“matter, so he thinks it none in man to sa-
“vour of this mixture in his inclinations and
“pleasures. Above all, when Nature has
“taken pains to unite a fine person with a
“fine soul, he would have us respect the work
“of Nature; for how ill-favoured soever So-
“crates may be himself, he does justice to
“beauty. If he knew, for example, with whom
“I hold these discourses concerning philoso-
“phy, I make no doubt but he would re-
“proach me for having so ill employed my
“lessons.” “A truce with your gallantry,”
interrupted Rhodope: “I am talking to a sage;
“and young as he is, my wish is, that he
“would instruct, and not flatter me. Let
“us return to the principles of your mas-
“ter. He permits love, you say; but does
“he know its errors and excesses?” “Yes,
“Madam, as he knows those of drunkenness,
“and nevertheless allows the use of wine.”
“The comparison is not just,” said Rhodope,
“we may chuse our wines, and moderate the
“use of them: have we the same liberty in
“love?”

"love? It is without choice or measure."

"Yes, without doubt," rejoined Alcibiades,

"in a man without morals or principles; but

"Socrates begins by making men wise and

"virtuous, and it is to them only that he per-

"mits love. He well knows that they will

"love nothing but what is honest, and there

"we run no risk of loving to excess. The

"mutual inclination of two virtuous souls

"cannot but render them still more virtuous,"

Every answer of Alcibiades removed some dif-

ficulty in the mind of Rhodope, and rendered

her inclination for him more insinuating and

rapid. There remained now only conjugal

fidelity, and there was the Gordian knot.

Rhodope was not one of those with whom one

might cut it, there was a necessity of undoing

it for her; Alcibiades sounded her at a distance.

As they were one day on the subject of society,

"Necessity," said Alcibiades, "has united

"mankind, common interest has regulated

"their duties, and the abuses of them have

"produced laws. All this is sacred; but all

"this is foreign to our soul. As men are

"connected but externally, the mutual du-

"ties which they impose upon each other pass

"not beyond the surface. Nature alone is the

"legislatress of the heart: she alone can in-

"spire with gratitude, friendship, love. Sen-

"timent cannot be a duty by institution.

"Thence

“Thence comes it, for example, that in marriage we can neither promise nor require any more than corporal attachment.” Rhodope, who had relished the principle, was terrified at the consequence. “What,” said she, “could I have promised my husband only to *behave* as if I loved him!”—“What else was it in your power to promise him?” “To love him in reality,” replied she, in a very indeterminate tone of voice.—“He has promised you then in his turn to be not only amiable, but of all men the most amiable in your eyes?”—“He has promised me to do all in his power towards it, and he keeps his word.”—“Very well, you also do all in your power to love him only; yet neither the one nor the other of you are sure of success.”—“This is frightful philosophy,” cried Rhodope.—“Happily, Madam, it is not so frightful: there would be too many criminals, if conjugal love were an essential duty.”—“What, Sir, do you doubt it?”—“I doubt nothing, Madam; but my frankness may displease you, and I do not see you disposed to imitate it. I thought I was speaking to a philosopher, but I find I was speaking only to a woman of a lively genius. I retire, confounded at my mistake; but I would give you at parting an instance of sincerity. I believe I have

“morals

“morals as pure, as honest, as the most virtuous woman: I know too full as well as she, to what the honour and religion of an oath engages us; I know the laws of marriage, and the crime of violating them: however, had I married a thousand women, I should not have reproached myself in the least for thinking you alone handsomer, and a thousand times more amiable, than these thousand women put together. According to you, in order to be virtuous, we must have neither heart nor eyes; I congratulate you on being arrived at such a degree of perfection.”

This discourse, pronounced with a tone of vexation and anger, left Rhodope in an astonishment from which she had some difficulty to recover. From that time Alcibiades discontinued his visits. She had discovered in his adieus a warmer interest than that occasioned by the heat of the dispute: she perceived on her own side, that the loss of his philosophical conferences was not what she regretted most. A dislike of every thing, a disgust to herself, a secret repugnance to the attentions of her husband, lastly, the confusion and blushes which the name alone of Alcibiades created, all these things made her dread the danger of seeing him again; and yet she burnt with the desire of seeing him once more.

more. Her husband brought him back to her. As she had given him to understand, that they had differed a little in a dispute concerning words, the magistrate rallied Alcibiades on it, and obliged him to return. The interview was grave; the husband amused himself with it some time; but his affairs soon called him away. "I leave you," said he to them, "and I hope, that after having quarrelled about words, you will come to a reconciliation upon things." The good man meant no harm; but his wife could not help blushing for him.

After a pretty long silence, Alcibiades began. "Our conferences, Madam, were once my delight, and with all the tendency imaginable to dissipation, you had taught me to relish and prefer the charms of solitude. I was no longer one of the world, I was no longer myself, I was wholly and entirely your's. Think not that a foolish hope of seducing and leading you astray had stolen into my soul: virtue, much more than wit and beauty, had enslaved me to your laws. But loving you with a passion as delicate as it was tender, I flattered myself I should have inspired you with the like. This pure and virtuous love offends you, or rather is only troublesome to you; for it is impossible that you should condemn it

"it in reality. All that I feel for you, Ma-
"dam, you yourself feel for another; you
"have confessed it to me. I cannot reproach
"you on the account, nor complain of it;
"but allow, that I am not happy. There is
"perhaps but one woman in Athens who real-
"ly has a love for her husband, and it is for
"this very woman that I am distracted."
"Indeed you are a great simpleton for the
"disciple of a sage," said Rhodope with a
smile. He replied very gravely; she an-
swered again jeeringly; he took her by the
hand, she grew angry; he kissed her hand,
she would have withdrawn; he detained her,
she blushed; and the heads of both the phi-
losophers were turned topsy-turvy.

It is unnecessary to say how much Rhodope
was grieved, and how she consoled herself.
All this is easily supposed in a virtuous and
captivated woman.

She trembled above all for the honour
and peace of her husband. Alcibiades
swore inviolable secrecy; but the malice
of the public rendered any indiscretion
on his part absolutely needless. It was well
known, that he was not the sort of man to
talk for ever about philosophy to an amiable
woman. His assiduities created suspicions;
suspicions in the world always go as far as
certainties. It was decided that Alcibiades
had

had Rhodope. The report came to the ears of her husband: he was far from giving credit to it; but his honour, and that of his wife, required that she should put herself above suspicion. He spoke to her of the necessity of putting away Alcibiades with so much good humour, reason and confidence, that she had not the courage to reply. Nothing more grievous to a soul naturally sensible and virtuous, than the receiving marks of esteem, which it no longer deserves.

Rhodope from that moment resolved never more to see Alcibiades; and the more weakness she perceived in herself towards him, the more firmness she displayed in her resolution of breaking with him. In vain did he endeavour to subdue her by his eloquence. "I have suffered myself to be persuaded," said she to him, "that the secret injuries we do a husband were nothing; but the very appearances of them become real injuries from the moment they attack his honour, or disturb his peace. I may be willing to believe that I am not obliged to love my husband; but to render him happy, as far as in me lies, is an indispensable duty." "So then, Madam, you prefer his happiness to mine?"—"I prefer," said she to him, "my engagements to my inclinations: this word, which has now escaped me, shall

"shall be my last weakness." "Alas! I thought myself beloved," cried Alcibiades with displeasure. "Farewell, Madam; I see plainly that I owed my happiness only to the caprice of a moment. See! these are our virtuous women!" continued he. "When they take to us, it is an excess of love; when they forsake us, it is an effort of virtue; and at the bottom this love and this virtue are nothing more than a mere phantasy, which seizes them at one time, and leaves them at another." "I have deserved this affront," said Rhodope, bursting into tears. "A woman who has not maintained a proper respect for herself, is not to expect it from others. It is very just that our weaknesses should bring us into contempt."

Alcibiades, after so many proofs, was thoroughly convinced, that there was no longer any dependence upon women; but he had not confidence enough in himself to expose himself to new dangers; and fully resolved as he was, not to love again, he yet perceived in a confused manner the necessity of loving.

In this secret inquietude, while he was walking one day on the sea-shore, he saw a woman advancing towards him, whose gait and beauty might have made him take her for a goddess, if he had not discovered her to be the

courtesan Erigone. He would have shunned her, but she made up directly to him. "Alcibiades," said she, "philosophy will make a fool of you. Tell me, my dear boy, is it a time at your age to bury one's-self alive in these chimerical and melancholy ideas? Take my advice, and be happy; we have always time enough to be wise," "I have no ambition to be wise," said he to her, "but in order to be happy." — "A pretty road indeed to happiness! Do you think I wear myself out in the study of wisdom? Not I. And yet is there any of your honest women more content with her condition? This Socrates has spoiled you: it is a pity; but yet there is a cure for you, if you will take some lessons from me. I have had a design upon you for some time: I am young, handsome, and sensible; and I believe I may say, without vanity, of as much value as any long-bearded philosopher of them all. They teach mortification; horrible science! Come to my school, and I will teach you the art of enjoyment." "I have learnt it but too well, to my cost," replied Alcibiades: "ostentation and pleasure have ruined me. I am no longer that opulent and magnificent person whom his follies rendered so famous, and I have not at present even a support but at the expense of
" my

"my creditors."—"Very well, and is it that which chagrins you? Be comforted: I have gold and jewels in abundance, and the follies of others shall serve to repair thine."

"You flatter me greatly, replied Alcibiades, by these obliging offers: but I shall not make an ill use of them."—"What d'ye mean by this delicacy? Does not love make all things common? Besides, who will imagine that you owe any thing to me? You are not fool enough to boast of it, and I have too much pride to publish it myself."—"You surprise me; for, to say the truth, you have the character of being avaricious."—"Avaricious! Ay, to be sure, with those whom I do not love, in order to be lavish to the man that I love. My diamonds are very dear to me, but you are still dearer: if you want them, say but the word: to-morrow I will sacrifice them to you."

"Your generosity," replied Alcibiades, "confounds and penetrates me: I would give you the pleasure of exercising it, if I were able at least to show my gratitude like a young fellow; but I ought not to dissemble with you, that the immoderate use of pleasures has not only ruined my fortune, but I have found out the secret of growing old before my time." "I believe so," replied Erigone smiling, "you have known so many

C 2

"virtuous

“ virtuous women ! But I am going to surprise
“ you still more : a lively and delicate senti-
“ ment is all that I expect from you ; and if
“ your heart too is not ruined, you have yet
“ enough to satisfy me.” “ You raily !”
“ said Alcibiades.—“ Not at all. If I took a
“ Hercules for a lover, I should wish him to
“ prove himself a Hercules ; but I would have
“ Alcibiades love me only like Alcibiades,
“ with all the delicacy of that tranquil plea-
“ sure whose source is in the heart. If on
“ the sensual side you intend me any surprise,
“ so much the better ! I allow you every
“ thing, and exact nothing.” “ Indeed,”
said Alcibiades, “ I am as much charmed as
“ astonished ; and but for the uneasiness and
“ jealousy I should feel on account of my ri-
“ vals.”—“ Rivals ! you shall have none but
“ unfortunate ones, I give you my word.
“ Trust me, my friend, women do not change
“ but either through coquetry or curiosity ;
“ and with me, you know, both the one and
“ the other are exhausted. If I were unac-
“ quainted with mankind, the promise I now
“ make you might be a little rash ; but in
“ sacrificing them to you, I know very well
“ what I am doing. After all, there is one
“ certain way of making you easy : you have
“ a farm at a good distance from Athens,
“ where no impertinents will come to trouble
“ us.

“us. Do you think yourself capable of sup-
“porting a *tête-à-tête* there with me? We
“will set out whenever you will.” “No,”
said he to her, “my engagements detain me
“for some time in town; but if we should
“settle matters together, need we advertise
“ourselves?”—“Just as you please: if you
“think proper to own me, I shall proclaim
“you: if you chuse secrecy, I will be more
“discreet and reserved than a prude. As I
“am dependent on no body, and love you
“merely for your own sake, I neither fear,
“nor desire to attract, the eyes of the public.
“Put no constraint on yourself; consult your
“heart; and if I am agreeable to you, my
“supper is ready for us. Let us go and call
“the gods of joy and pleasure to witness to
“our vows.” Alcibiades seized Erigone by
the hand, and kissed it with transport. “At
“last,” said he, “I have found true love;
“and from this day my happiness com-
“mences.”

They arrive at the courtesan's. The most
delicate and exquisite of every thing that taste
could invent to gratify all the senses at once,
seemed to have concurred in this supper to en-
chant Alcibiades. It was in such an apart-
ment that Venus received Adonis, when
the Loves poured out nectar, and the
Graces served ambrosia. “When I took,”

said Erigone, "the name of one of the mistresses of Bacchus, I did not flatter myself with possessing one day a mortal handsomer than the conqueror of India. What do I say? a mortal! It is Bacchus, Apollo, and the God of Love himself, that I possess; and I am this moment the happy rival of Erigone, Calliope, and Psyché. I crown you then, my young god, with the vine-leaf, the laurel, and the myrtle. May I be able to bring before your eyes all the attractions adored by those immortals, whose charms are united in you." Alcibiades, intoxicated with self-love and desire, displayed all those enchanting talents which might have seduced wisdom itself. He sung his triumph on the lyre: he compared his happiness to that of the gods; and he found himself happier than they, as he had before been found to be more amiable.

After supper he was conducted into a neighbouring apartment, but separated from that of Erigone. "Repose yourself, my dear Alcibiades," said she, leaving him: "may love possess you in your dreams of nothing but me! Vouchsafe at least to make me believe so; and if any other object should present itself to your imagination, spare my delicacy, and by a complaisant falsehood repair the involuntary wrong you shall have done

"done me in your sleep." "Ah, what!" replied Alcibiades tenderly, "will you reduce me to the pleasure of illusion?" "You shall never have with me," said she, "any other laws than your desires." At these words she withdrew into her own apartment, humming a tune.

Alcibiades cried out in a transport of joy, "O modesty! O virtue! what then are ye, if in a heart where you reside not there is found pure and chaste love; love, such as it descended from the skies to animate man while yet innocent, and to embellish human nature?" In this excess of joy and admiration he gets up, and goes to surprize Erigone.

Erigone received him with a smile. Inspired with a sensibility tempered with delicacy, her heart seemed only to take fire from the desires of Alcibiades. Two months glided away in this delicious union, without the courtesan's ever belying for one moment the character she had assumed; but the fatal day now approached that was to dissipate so flattering an illusion.

The preparations for the Olympic Games engrossed the conversation of all the youth of Athens. Erigone spoke of these games, and of the glory of bearing away the prize in them, with so much warmth, that she made her lover

form the design of entering into the course, and conceive a hope of triumphing. But he wanted to delight her by an agreeable surprise.

The day on which these games were to be celebrated, Alcibiades left her, in order to repair thither. "If they should see us together," said he, "at these spectacles, they would not fail of drawing inferences; and we have agreed to avoid even suspicion. Let us repair to the circus each on different sides. We will return here after the feast, and I expect you at supper."

The people assemble, and seat themselves. Erigone presents herself, and attracts the eyes of all. The handsome women view her with envy, the ugly with indignation, the old men with regret, and the young with universal transport. However, the eyes of Erigone, wandering over the vast amphitheatre, looked for nothing but Alcibiades. All on a sudden she saw appear before the barrier the coursers and the chariot of her lover. She durst not believe her eyes; but soon after a young man, more beautiful than the God of Love, and more gallant than Mars, vaults into the glittering car. It is Alcibiades; it is he himself! The name passes from mouth to mouth; she hears no longer any thing around her but these words: "It is Alcibiades, the glory and
" ornament

"ornament of the Athenian youth." Erigone turned pale with joy: he cast a look at her, which seemed to be the presage of victory. The chariots range themselves in a line, the barrier opens, the signal is given, the ground resounds in cadence under the feet of the horses, a cloud of dust enfolds them. Erigone no longer breathes: all her soul is in her eyes, and her eyes pursue the chariot of her lover through the clouds of dust. The chariots separate, the swiftest get the start, that of Alcibiades is of the number. Erigone, trembling, puts up vows to Castor, to Pollux, to Hercules, to Apollo. At last she perceives Alcibiades at the head, and having only one who kept pace with him. It was then that fear and hope held her soul suspended. The wheels of the two chariots seemed to turn on the same axle, and the horses guided by the same reins. Alcibiades redoubles his ardour, and the heart of Erigone begins to dilate: his rival increases his speed, and the heart of Erigone shuts itself up again: every alternate revolution produces a sudden change in her. The two chariots arrive at the goal; but Alcibiades's antagonist has outstripped him by a single shoot forwards. Immediately a thousand cries made the air resound with the name of Pisicrates of Samos. Alcibiades confounded retires in his chariot; his head hung down, and the

reins floating loosely, avoiding that side of the circus where Erigone, overwhelmed with confusion, had hid her face beneath her veil. It appeared to her as if all eyes were fixed upon her to reproach her for loving a man who had just been conquered. A general murmur, however is heard round her; she looks up to see the cause; it is Pisicrates who is bringing back his chariot on the side where she is placed. A new occasion of confusion and grief! But what is her surprise, when the chariot stopping at her feet, she sees the conqueror alight, and present her with the Olympic crown! "I owe it to you, Madam," said he, "and I come to pay you the homage of it." Let us conceive, if possible, all the emotions of the soul of Erigone at this speech; but love was predominant. "You owe me nothing," said she to Pisicrates, blushing; "my wishes, pardon my frankness, my wishes were not for you." "The desire of conquering before you," replied he, "has not the less on that account acquired me this glory. If I have not been happy enough to interest you in the contention, let me be at least sufficiently so to interest you in the triumph." He then pressed her anew, with the most affecting air, to receive his offering: all the people invited her to it by redoubled shouts of applause. Self-love at length

length prevailed over love for Alcibiades: she received the fatal laurel, to yield, she said, to the acclamations and instances of the people: but who could believe it? She received it with a smiling air, and Pisicrates remounted his chariot, intoxicated with love and glory.

As soon as Alcibiades was recovered of his first dejection, "You are very weak, and very vain," said he to himself, "to afflict yourself to this immoderate degree! and for what? because there is found in the world one man more dexterous, or more happy, than thyself. But I see what it is that torments you: you would have been transported to have conquered in the presence of Erigone; and you dread the thought of being loved less, after being vanquished. Do her more justice: Erigone is not like the ordinary run of women; she will be pleased with you for the ardour you have shewn to conquer; and as to your ill success she will be the first to make you blush for your sensibility on so small a misfortune. Let me go and see her with confidence; I have even cause to rejoice at this moment of adversity: it is a new trial of her heart, and love contrives me a triumph more pleasing than that of the course."

Full of these consoling ideas, he arrives at

Erigone's, but finds the chariot of the conqueror at the door.

This was a clap of thunder to him. Shame, indignation, despair, seize his soul. Distracted and raging, his disordered steps turn, as it were of themselves, to the house of Socrates.

The good man, who had been present at the games, ran out to meet him. "So!" said he, "you come to console yourself with me, because you have been vanquished. I dare say, young man, that I should not have seen you, had you triumphed. I am not, however, the less thankful for the visit. I love to have people come to me in adversity. A soul intoxicated with its good fortune vents itself where-ever it can; the confidence of a soul in affliction is more flattering and affecting. Confess, however, that your horses did miracles. Why, you missed of the prize only by one spring. You may boast, therefore, that, next to Pisicrates of Samos, you have the best coursers in all Greece; and indeed it is a most glorious thing for a man to have excellent horses!" Alcibiades, confounded at his misfortune, did not even hear the raillery of Socrates. The philosopher, guessing at the trouble of his heart by the alteration of his countenance, "What then!" said he to him in a graver tone, "does

“ does a trifle, a mere childish amusement,
“ affect you thus? If you had lost an em-
“ pire, I could scarce pardon your being in the
“ state of humiliation and dejection where-
“ in I now see you.” “ Ah! my dear mas-
“ ter,” cried Alcibiades, coming to himself,
“ how unhappy are we in having sensibility!
“ We ought to have a soul of marble to live
“ in the age we do.” “ I confess,” replied
Socrates, “ that sensibility costs us dear some-
“ times; but it is so good a quality, that we
“ cannot pay too dear for it. Let us know,
“ however, what has befallen you.”

Alcibiades recounted to him his adventures
with the prude, the young lady, the widow,
the magistrate's wife, and the courtesan, who
at that very instant had just sacrificed him to
another. “ What is it that you bemoan your-
“ self for?” said Socrates, after hearing his
complaint: “ it appears to me that each of
“ them loved you after her manner with the
“ greatest sincerity in the world. The prude,
“ for example, loved pleasure; she found it in
“ you: you deprive her of it, she dismisses
“ you; and so with the rest. It was their *own*
“ happiness, never doubt it, that they sought
“ in their lover. The young lady saw in you
“ a husband whom she could love with free-
“ dom and decency; the widow, a glori-
“ ous triumph which did honour to her
“ beauty;

“ beauty ; the magistrate’s wife, an amiable and
“ discreet man, with whom, without either
“ danger or noise, her philosophy and her virtue
“ might take some relaxation ; the courtesan,
“ a man admired, applauded, and universally
“ desired, whom she should have the secret
“ pleasure of possessing alone, while all the
“ beauties of Greece should vainly dispute
“ with each other the glory of captivating
“ him.” “ You confess then,” said Alci-
biades, “ that not one of them loved me for
“ *myself*.” “ For *yourself*!” cried the phi-
losopher : “ ah ! my dear child ! who has put
“ this ridiculous pretension into your head ?
“ None love but for themselves. Friendship
“ itself, purely sentimental as it is, founds its
“ preferences only on personal interest : and if
“ you demand that it should be disinterested,
“ you may begin by renouncing mine. “ I
“ am amazed,” pursued he, “ to see how
“ foolish self-love is, even in those who have
“ the best understanding. I should be very
“ glad to know, what is this *SELF* that you
“ would have them love in you ? Birth, for-
“ tune, glory, youth, talents and beauty,
“ are but *accidents*. Nothing of all this is
“ *your-SELF*, and yet this is all that renders
“ you amiable. The *self*, which unites all
“ these charms, is no more than the can-
“ vas of the tapestry. It is the embroidery
“ that

“ that gives it value. In loving all these en-
“ dowments in you, they confound them
“ with you. Do not, I advise you, run into
“ imaginary distinctions; and receive, as it is
“ given you, the result of this mixture:
“ it is a coin of which the alloy forms
“ the consistence, but which loses its value
“ in the crucible. I am not sorry that your
“ delicacy has detached you from the prude
“ and the widow; nor that the resolution
“ of Rhodope, and the vanity of Erigone,
“ has restored you to liberty: but I regret the
“ loss of Glycerium, and advise you to return
“ to her.” “ You jest!” said Alcibiades;
“ she is a mere child, who only wants to be
“ married.”—“ Very well, you shall marry
“ her then,”—“ Did I hear right? Socrates
“ advise me to marriage!—“ Why not?
“ If your wife be wise and reasonable, you
“ will be a happy man; if she be a wanton
“ or a coquette, you will become a philoso-
“ pher; you cannot, therefore, do otherwise
“ than gain by it.”

SOLIMAN.

SOLIMAN II.

IT is pleasant to see grave historians racking their brains, in order to find out great causes for great events. Sylla's valet de chambre would perhaps have laughed heartily to hear the politician's reason on the abdication of his master; but it is not of Sylla that I am now going to speak.

Soliman II. married his slave, in contempt of the laws of the sultans. It is natural at first to paint to ourselves this slave as an accomplished beauty, with an elevated soul, an uncommon genius, and a profound skill in politics. No such thing: the fact was as follows:

Soliman grew splenetic in the midst of his glory: the various, but ready pleasures of the seraglio, were become insipid to him. "I am weary," said he one day, "of receiving here the caresses of mere machines. These slaves move my pity. Their soft docility has nothing poignant, nothing flattering. It is to hearts nourished in the bosom of liberty, that it would be delightful to make slavery agreeable."

The



W. Sharp sculp.

SOLIMAN II.



The whimsies of a sultan are laws to his ministers. Large sums were instantly promised to such as should bring European slaves to the seraglio. In a short time there arrived three, who, like the three Graces, seemed to have divided among themselves all the charms of beauty.

Features noble and modest, eyes tender and languishing, an ingenuous temper and a sensible soul, distinguished the touching Elmira. The entrance of the seraglio, the idea of servitude, had chilled her with a mortal terror: Soliman found her in a swoon in the arms of his women. He approaches; he recalls her to life; he encourages her; she lifts towards him a pair of large blue eyes bedewed with tears; he reaches forth his hand to her; he supports her himself; she follows him with a tottering step. The slaves retire; and as soon as he is alone with her, "It is not with fear, beautiful Elmira," said he to her, "that I would inspire you. Forget that you have a master; see in me only a lover." "The name of lover," said she to him, "is not less unknown to me than that of master: and both the one and the other make me tremble. They have told me, (and I still shudder at the thought) that I am destined to your pleasures. Alas! what pleasure can it be to tyrannize over weakness and
"innocence?"

“innocence? Believe me, I am not capable
“of the compliances of servitude; and the
“only pleasure possible for you to taste with
“me, is that of being generous. Restore me
“to my parents and my country; and in
“the respect you show for my virtue, my
“youth, and my misfortunes, merit my gra-
“titude, my esteem, and my regret.”

This discourse from a slave was new to Soliman: his great soul was moved by it. “No,” said he, “my dear child, I will owe
“nothing to violence. You charm me: I
“will make it my happiness to love and please
“you; and I prefer the torment of never see-
“ing you more to that of seeing you un-
“happy. However, before I restore you to
“liberty, give me leave to try, at least, whe-
“ther it be not possible for me to dissipate
“that terror which the name of slave strikes
“into you. I ask only one month’s trial,
“after which, if my love cannot move you,
“I will avenge myself no otherwise on your
“ingratitude, than by delivering you up to
“the inconstancy and perfidy of mankind.”
“Ah! my lord!” cried Elmira, with an
emotion mixed with joy, “how unjust are
“the prejudices of my country, and how little
“are your virtues known there! Continue
“such as I now see you, and I no longer
“reckon this day unfortunate.”

Some

Some moments after, she saw slaves enter, carrying baskets filled with stuffs and valuable trinkets. "Chuse," said the sultan to her; "these are clothes, not ornaments, that are here presented to you; nothing can adorn you." "Decide for me," said Elmira to him, running her eyes over the baskets. "Do not consult me," replied the sultan: "I hate, without distinction, every thing that can rob me of your charms." Elmira blushed; and the sultan perceived she preferred the colours most favourable to the character of her beauty. He conceived a pleasing hope from that circumstance; for care to adorn one's self is almost a desire to please.

The month of trial passed away in timid gallantries on the part of the sultan, and on Elmira's side, in complaisance and delicate attentions. Her confidence in him increased every day, without her perceiving it. At first, he was not permitted to see her, but after the business of the toilette, and on condition to depart when she prepared to undress again; in a short time he was admitted both to her toilette and dishabille. It was there that the plan of their amusements for that day and the next was formed. Whatever either proposed was exactly what the other was going to propose. Their disputes turned only on the stealing of thoughts. Elmira, in these disputes, perceived

ceived not some small slips, which escaped her modesty. A pin misplaced, or a garter put on unthinkingly, &c. afforded the sultan pleasures, which he was cautious not to testify. He knew, (and it was much for a sultan to know) that it was impolitic to advertise modesty of the dangers to which it exposes itself: that it is never fiercer than when alarmed; and that in order to subdue it, one should render them familiar. Nevertheless, the more he discovered of Elmira's charms, the more he perceived his fears increase, on account of the approach of the day that might deprive him of them.

The fatal period arrives. Soliman causes chests to be prepared, filled with stuffs, precious stones and perfumes. He repairs to Elmira, followed by these presents." "It is to-morrow," said he, "that I have promised to restore you to liberty, if you still regret the want of it. I now come to acquit myself of my promise, and to bid adieu to you for ever." "What!" said Elmira trembling, "is it to-morrow? I had forgot it." "It is to-morrow," resumed the sultan, "that, delivered up to my despair, I am to become the most unhappy of men."—"You are very cruel then to yourself to put me in mind of it!"—"Alas! it depends only on you, Elmira, that I should forget it for ever."—"I confess," said she to him, "that your sorrow touches me; that

“ that your proceedings have interested me in
“ your happiness ; and if, to show my grati-
“ tude, it were necessary only to prolong the
“ time of my slavery.”—No, Madam. I
“ am but too much accustomed to the hap-
“ piness of possessing you. I perceive that
“ the more I shall know of you, the more ter-
“ rible it would be to me to lose you : this
“ sacrifice will cost me my life ; but I shall
“ only render it the more grievous by defer-
“ ring it. May your country prove worthy
“ of it ! may the people, whom you are go-
“ ing to please, deserve you better than I do !
“ I ask but one favour of you, which is, that
“ you would be pleased cordially to accept
“ these presents as the feeble pledges of a
“ love, the most pure and tender, that your-
“ self, yes, that you yourself are capable of
“ inspiring.” “ No,” said she to him, with
a voice almost smothered, “ I will not accept
“ of your presents. I go : you will have it so !
“ But I shall carry away from you nothing
“ but your image,”—Soliman, lifting up his
eyes to Elmira, met her’s bedewed with tears.
“ Adieu then, Elmira !”—“ Adieu, Soli-
“ man !” They bid each other so many and
such tender adieus, that they concluded by
swearing not to separate for life. The avenues
of pleasure through which he had passed so
rapidly with his slaves from Asia, appeared to
him

him so delicious with Elmira, that he found an inexpressible charm in going through them step by step : but arrived at the happiness itself, his pleasures had from that time the same defect as before ; they became too easy of access, and in a short time after too languid. Their days, so well filled up till then, began to hang heavy. In one of these moments, when complaisance alone retained Soliman with Elmira, " Would it be agreeable to you," said he, " to hear a slave from your own country, whose voice has been greatly commended to me ?" Elmira, at the proposal, plainly perceived that she was lost : but to put any constraint on a lover who begins to grow tired, is to tire him still more. " I am for any thing," said she, " that you please ;" and the slave was ordered to enter.

Delia (for that was the singer's name) had the figure of a goddess. Her hair exceeded the ebony in blackness, and her skin the whiteness of ivory. Two eye-brows, boldly arched, crowned her sparkling eyes. As soon as she began tuning, her lips, which were of the finest vermillion, displayed two rows of pearl set in coral. At first she sung the victories of Soliman, and the hero felt his soul elevated at the remembrance of his triumphs. His pride hitherto, more than his taste, applauded the accents

accents of that thrilling voice, which filled the whole saloon with its harmony and strength.

Delia changed her manner, to sing the charms of pleasure. She then took the theorbo, an instrument favourable to the display of a rounded arm, and to the movements of a delicate and light hand. Her voice, more flexible and tender, now resounded none but the most touching sounds. Her modulations connected by imperceptible gradations, expressed the delirium of a soul intoxicated with pleasure, or exhausted with sentiment. Her sounds, sometimes expiring on her lips, sometimes swelled, and sunk with rapidity, expressed by turns the sighs of modesty and the vehemence of desire; while her eyes still more than her voice animated these lively descriptions.

Soliman, quite transported, devoured her both with his ears and eyes. "No," said he, "never before did so beautiful a mouth utter such pleasing sounds. With what delight must she, who sings so feelingly of pleasure, inspire and relish it! How charming to draw that harmonious breath, and to catch again in their passage those sounds animated by love!" The sultan, lost in these reflections, perceived not that all the while he kept beating time on the knee of the trembling Elmira, her heart oppressed with jealousy, she was scarce able to breathe. "How
" happy

"happy is Delia," said she, in a low voice, to Soliman, "to have so tuneable a voice! "Alas! it ought to be the organ of my heart! every thing that she expresses, you have taught me to feel. So said Elmira, but Soliman did not listen to her.

Delia changed her tone a second time to inconstancy. All that the changeful variety of nature contains, either interesting or amiable, was recapitulated in her song. It seemed like the fluttering of the butterfly over roses, or like the Zephyrs, losing themselves among the flowers. "Listen to the turtle," said Delia, "she is faithful but melancholy. See the inconstant sparrow: pleasure moves his wings; his warbling voice is exerted merely to return thanks to love. Water freezes only in stagnation; a heart never languishes but in constancy. There is but one mortal on earth, whom it is possible to love always. Let him change, let him enjoy the advantage of making a thousand hearts happy; all prevent his wishes, or pursue him. They adore him in their own arms; they love him even in the arms of another. Let him give himself up to our desires, or withdraw himself from them, still he will find love wherever he goes, wherever he goes will he leave the print of love on his footsteps."

Elmira was no longer able to dissemble her displeasure and grief. She gets up and retires:
the

the sultan does not recall her, and while she is overwhelming herself with tears, repeating a thousand times, "Ah! the ungrateful, Ah! the perfidious man!" Soliman, charmed with his divine songstress, prepares to realise with her some of those pictures which she had drawn so much to the life. The next morning the unhappy Elmira wrote a billet filled with reproach and tenderness, in which she puts him in mind of the promise he had made her. "That is true," said the sultan: "let us send her back to her country, loaden with marks of my favour. This poor girl loves me dearly, and I am to blame on her account."

The first moments of his love for Delia were no more than an intoxication; but as soon as he had time for reflection, he perceived that she was more petulant than sensible, more greedy of pleasure than flattered in administering it; in a word, fitter than himself to have a seraglio at command. To feed his illusion, he sometimes invited Delia, that he might hear that voice which had enchanted him; but that voice was no longer the same. The impression made by it became every day weaker and weaker by habitude: and it was now no more than a slight emotion, when an unforeseen circumstance dissipated it for ever.

The chief officer of the seraglio came to inform the sultan, that it was impossible to manage the untractable vivacity of one of the European slaves; that she made a jest of his prohibitions and menaces; and that she answered him only by cutting raileries and immoderate bursts of laughter. Soliman, who was too great a prince to make a state-affair of what merely regarded the regulation of his pleasures, entertained a curiosity of seeing this young madcap. He repaired to her, followed by the eunuch. As soon as she saw Soliman, "Heaven be praised!" said she, "here comes a human figure! You are without doubt the sublime sultan, whose slaye I have the honour to be. Do me the favour to drive away this old knave, who shocks my very sight." The sultan had a good deal of difficulty to refrain laughing at this beginning. "Roxalana," said he to her, (for so she was called) "show some respect, if you please, to the minister of my pleasures: you are yet a stranger to the manners of the seraglio; till they can instruct you in them, contain yourself and obey." "A fine compliment," said Roxalana. "Obey! Is that your Turkish gallantry? Sure you must be mightily beloved, if it is in this strain you begin your addresses to the ladies! *Respect the minister of my pleasures!* You have

" have your pleasures then? and, good heaven,
" what pleasures, if they resemble their mi-
" nister! an old amphibious monster, who
" keeps us here, penned in, like sheep in a
" fold, and who prowls round with his fright-
" ful eyes always ready to devour us! See
" here the confidant of your pleasures, and
" the guardian of our prudence! Give him
" his due, if you pay him to make yourself
" hated, he does not cheat you of any of his
" wages. We cannot take a step but he
" growls. He forbids us even to walk, and
" to receive or pay visits. In a short time,
" I suppose, he will weigh out the air to us,
" and give us light by the yard. If you had
" seen him rave last night, because he found
" me in these solitary gardens!—Did you
" order him to forbid our going into them?
" Are you afraid that it should rain men?
" And if there should fall a few from the
" clouds, what a misfortune! Heaven owes
" us this miracle."

While Roxalana spoke thus, the sultan examined, with surprise, the fire of her looks, and the play of her countenance. " By Mahomet," said he to himself, " here is the prettiest looking romp in all Asia. Such faces as these are made only in Europe." Roxalana had nothing fine, nothing regular in her features; but, taken all together, they had

that smart singularity, which touches more than beauty. A speaking look, a mouth fresh and rosy, an arch smile, a nose somewhat turned up, a neat and well-made shape; all these circumstances gave her giddiness a charm which disconcerted the gravity of Soliman. But the great, in his situation, have the resource of silence: and Soliman, not knowing how to answer her, fairly walked off, concealing his embarrassment under an air of majesty.

The eunuch asked him what orders he would be pleased to give with respect to this saucy slave. "She is a mere child," replied the sultan; you must pass over some things in "her."

The air, the tone, the figure, the disposition of Roxalana, had excited in the soul of Soliman an anxiety and emotion which sleep was not able to dispel. As soon as he awoke, he ordered the chief of the eunuchs to come to him. "You seem to me," said he, "to be "but little in Roxalana's good graces; in order "to make your peace, go and tell her, I will "come and drink tea with her." On the arrival of the officer, Roxalana's women hastened to wake her. "What does the ape want "with me!" cried she, rubbing her eyes. "I come," replied the eunuch, "from "the emperor, to kiss the dust of your feet, "and

“and to inform you, that he will come and
“drink tea with the delight of his soul.”—
“Get away with your strange speeches ! My
“feet have no dust, and I do not drink tea so
“early.”

The eunuch retired without replying, and gave an account of his embassy “She is in
“the right,” said the sultan ; “why did you
“wake her ? You do every thing wrong.”
As soon as it was broad day with Roxalana, he went thither. “You are angry with me,”
said he : “they have disturbed your sleep, and
“I am the innocent cause of it. Come, let
“us make peace ; imitate me : you see that
“I forget all that you said to me yesterday.”
—“You forget it ! So much the worse : I said
“some good things to you. My frankness
“displeases you, I see plainly : but you will
“soon grow accustomed to it. And are you
“not too happy to find a friend in a slave ?
“Yes, a friend, who interests herself in your
“welfare, and who would teach you to love.
“Why have you not made a voyage to my
“country ? It is there that they know love : it
“is there that it is lively and tender ; and why ?
“because it is free. Sentiment is involun-
“tary, and does not come by force. The
“yoke of marriage amongst us is much lighter
“than that of slavery ; and yet a husband
“that is beloved, is a prodigy. Every thing
D 3 “under

“ under the name of duty saddens the soul,
“ blasts the imagination, cools desire, and
“ takes off that edge of self-love which gives
“ all the relish and seasoning to affection,
“ Now, if it be so difficult to love a husband,
“ how much harder is it to love a master, espe-
“ cially if he has not the address to conceal
“ the fetters he puts upon us?” “ And I,”
replied the sultan, “ I will forget nothing
“ to soften your servitude; but you ought
“ in your turn——” “ I *ought!* nothing
“ but what one *ought!* Leave off, I prithee
“ now, these humiliating phrases. They come
“ with a very ill grace from the mouth of a man
“ of gallantry, who has the honour of talking
“ to a pretty woman.”—“ But, Roxalana, do
“ you forget who I am, and who you are?”—
“ Who you are, and who I am? You are
“ powerful, I am pretty: and so we are
“ even.” “ May be so,” replied the sultan,
haughtily, “ in your country; but here,
“ Roxalana, I am master, and you a slave.”
— “ Yes, I know you have purchased me;
“ but the robber who sold me could trans-
“ fer to you only those rights over me
“ which he had himself, the rights of rapine
“ and violence; in one word, the rights of
“ a robber; and you are too honest a man to
“ think of abusing them. After all, you are
“ my master, because my life is in your hands;
“ but

" but I am no longer your slave, if I know how
" to despise life ; and truly the life one leads
" here is not worth the fear of losing it."
" What a frightful notion !" cried the sultan :
" do you take me for a barbarian ? No, my dear
" Roxalana, I would make use of my power
" only to render this life delightful to yourself
" and me." " Upon my word," said Roxalana,
" the prospect is not very promising. These
" guards, for instance, so black, so disgusting,
" so ugly, are they the Smiles and Sports which
" here accompany love ?"—" These guards
" are not set upon you alone. I have five hun-
" dred women, whom our manners and laws
" oblige me to keep watched." " And why
" five hundred women ?" said she to him,
with an air of confidence. " It is a kind of
" state which the dignity of sultan imposes upon
" me."—" But what do you do with them,
" pray ? for you lend them to nobody." " In-
" constancy," replied the sultan, " has intro-
" duced this custom. A heart void of love,
" stands in need of variety. Lovers only are
" constant, and I never was a lover till I saw
" you. Let not the number of these women
" give you the shadow of uneasiness ; they shall
" serve only to grace your triumph. You shall
" see them all eager to please you, and you shall
" see me attentive to no one but yourself."

“ Indeed,” said Roxalana, with an air of compassion, “ you deserve better luck. It is pity
“ you are not a plain private gentleman in
“ my country ; I should then be weak enough
“ to entertain some sort of kindness for you :
“ for at the bottom it is not yourself that I hate,
“ it is that which surrounds you. You are
“ much better than ordinary for a Turk : you
“ have even something of the Frenchman about
“ you, and, without flattery, I have loved
“ some who were not so deserving as yourself.”
“ You have loved !” cried Soliman, with horror. “ Oh ! not at all ; I took care of that !”
— “ But do you expect one to have kept one’s
“ virtue all one’s life-time, in order to sur-
“ render it to you ? Indeed these Turks are
“ pleasant people.”—“ And you have not been
“ virtuous ? O heavens ! what do I hear ?
“ I am betrayed, I am lost ! Destruction seize
“ the traitors who meant to impose upon me.”
“ Forgive them,” said Roxalana, “ the poor
“ creatures are not to blame. The most
“ knowing are often deceived. And then,
“ the misfortune is not very great. Why
“ do not you restore me to my liberty, if
“ you think me unworthy of the honours of
“ slavery ?”—“ Yes, yes, I will restore you
“ to that liberty, of which you have made
“ so good use.” At these words, the sultan
retired in a rage, saying to himself, “ I plainly
“ fore-

“foresaw that this little turned-up nose had made a slip.”

It is impossible to describe the confusion into which this imprudent avowal of Roxalana's had thrown him. Sometimes he had a mind to have her sent away, sometimes that they should shut her up, next that they should bring her to him, and then again that she should be sent away. The great Soliman no longer knows what he says. “My Lord,” remonstrated the eunuch, “can you fall into despair for a trifle? One girl more, or less: is there any thing so uncommon in her? Besides, who knows whether the confession she has made be not an artifice to get herself sent back to her own country?”—“What say you? how! can it be possible? It is the very thing. He opens my eyes. Women are not used to make such confessions. It is a trick, a stratagem. Ah! the perfidious hussy! Let me disseminate in my turn: I will drive her to the last extremity.—Hark ye! go and tell her . . . that I invite her to sup with me this evening.—“But no, order the songstress to come here: it is better to send her.”

Delia was charged to employ all her art to engage the confidence of Roxalana. As soon as the latter had heard what she had to say, “What!” said she, young and handsome as

“you are, does he charge you with his messages,
“and have you the weakness to obey him?
“Get you gone, you are not worthy to be
“my country-woman. Ah! I see plainly
“that they spoil him, and that I alone must
“take upon me to teach this Turk how
“to live. I will send him word that
“I keep you to sup with me; I must have
“him make some atonement for his imperti-
“nence.”—“But, madam, he will take it ill.”
—“He! I should be glad to see him take
“any thing ill of me.”—“But he seemed
“desirous of seeing you alone.”—“Alone!
“ah! it is not come to that yet; and I shall
“make him go over a good deal of ground,
“before we have any thing particular to say
“to each other.”

The sultan was as much surprised as piqued to learn that they should have a third person. However, he repaired early to Roxalana's. As soon as she saw him coming, she ran to meet him with as easy an air, as if they had been upon the best footing in the world together. “There,” says she, “is a handsome man come to sup with us!—Do you like him, Madam? Confess, Soliman, that I am a good friend. Come, draw near, salute the lady. There! very well. Now, thank me. Softly! I do not like to have people dwell too long on their acknowledgements.
“Wonderful!

"Wonderful! I assure you he surprises me.
"He has had but two lessons, and see how he
"is improved! I do not despair of making him,
"one day or other, an absolute Frenchman."

Do but imagine the astonishment of a sultan, a sultan, the conqueror of Asia, to see himself treated like a schoolboy by a slave of eighteen. During supper, her gaiety and extravagance were inconceivable. The sultan was beside himself with transport. He questioned her concerning the manners of Europe. One picture followed another. Our prejudices, our follies, our humours, were all laid hold of, all represented. Soliman thought himself in Paris. "The witty rogue!" cried he, "witty rogue!" From Europe she fell upon Asia. This was much worse: the haughtiness of the men, the weakness of the women, the dullness of their society, the filthy gravity of their amours, nothing escaped her, though she had seen nothing but cursorily. The seraglio had its turn; and Roxalana began by felicitating the sultan on having been the first to imagine, that he could ensure the virtue of the women, by the absolute impotence of the blacks. She was preparing to enlarge upon the honour that this circumstance of his reign would do him in history; but he begged her to spare him. "Well," said she, "I perceive that I take
"up those moments which Delia could fill

“ up much better. Throw yourself at her feet,
“ to obtain from her one of those airs which,
“ they say, she sings with so much taste and
“ spirit.” Delia did not suffer herself to be
entreated. Roxalana appeared charmed : she
asked Soliman, in a low voice, for a handker-
chief ; he gave her one, without the least sus-
picion of her design. “ Madam,” said she to
Delia, presenting it to her, “ I am desired by the
“ sultan to give you the handkerchief; you have
“ well deserved it.” “ Oh, to be sure,” said So-
liman transported with anger ; and presenting
his hand to the songstress, retired along with her.

As soon as they were alone, “ I confess,”
said he to her, “ that this giddy girl confounds
“ me. You see the style in which she treats
“ me. I have not the courage to be angry
“ with her. In short, I am mad, and I do
“ not know what method to take to bring her
“ to reason.” “ My Lord,” said Delia,
“ I believe I have discovered her temper.
“ Authority can do nothing. You have no-
“ thing for it but extreme coldness, or ex-
“ treme gallantry. Coldness may pique her;
“ but-I am afraid we are too far gone for
“ that. She knows that you love her. She
“ will enjoy the pain that this will cost
“ you, and you will come to sooner than
“ she. This method besides is disagreeable
“ and painful; and if one moment’s weak-

“ NESS

"ness should escape you, you will have all to begin again." "Well then," said the sultan, "let us try gallantry."

From that time there was in the seraglio every day a new festival, of which Roxalana was the object; but she received all this as an homage due to her, without concern or pleasure, but with a cool complaisance. The sultan sometimes asked her, "How did you like those sports, those concerts, those spectacles?" "Well enough," said she; "but there was something wanting."—"And what!"—"Men and liberty."

Soliman was in despair: he had recourse to Delia. "Upon my word," said the songstress, "I know nothing else that can touch her, at least unless glory have a share in it. You receive to-morrow the ambassadours of your allies; cannot I bring her to see this ceremony behind a curtain, which may conceal us from the eyes of your court?" "And do you think," said the sultan, "that this would make any impression on her?" "I hope so," said Delia: "the women of her country love glory." "You charm me," cried Soliman! "Yes, my dear Delia, I shall owe my happiness to you."

At his return from this ceremony, which he took care to render as pompous as possible, he repaired to Roxalana. "Get you gone," said she to him, "out of my sight, and never

"see

“see me more.” The sultan remained motionless and dumb with astonishment. “Is this then,” pursued she, “your art of love? Glory and grandeur, the only good things worthy to touch the soul, are reserved for you alone; shame and oblivion, the most insupportable of all evils, are my portion; and you would have me love you! I hate you worse than death.” The sultan would fain have returned this reproach into raillery. “Nay, but I am serious,” resumed she. “If my lover had but a hut, I would share his hut with him, and be content. He has a throne; I will share his throne, or he is no lover of mine. If you think me unworthy to reign over the Turks, send me back to my own country, where all the handsome women are sovereigns, and much more absolute than I should be here; for they reign over hearts.” “The sovereignty of mine then is not sufficient for you?” said Soliman, with the most tender air in the world.—“No, I desire no heart which has pleasures that I have not. Talk to me no more of your feasts, all mere pastimes for children. I must have embassies.”—“But, Roxalana, you are either mad, or you dream.”—“And what do you find then so extravagant in desiring to reign with you? Am I formed to disgrace a throne? And do you think that I should
“have

“ have displayed less greatness and dignity
“ than yourself in assuring our subjects and
“ allies of our protection ?” “ I think,”
said the sultan, “ that you would do every
“ thing with grace ; but it is not in my
“ power to satisfy your ambition, and I
“ beseech you to think no more of it.”—
“ Think no more of it ! Oh ! I promise
“ you I shall think of nothing else, and I
“ will from henceforth dream of nothing
“ but a sceptre, a crown, an embassy.” She
kept her word. The next morning she had
already contrived the design of her diadem ;
and had already settled every thing, except
the colour of the riband which was to tie
it. She ordered rich stuffs to be brought her
for her habits of ceremony ; and as soon as
the sultan appeared, she asked his opinion on
the choice. He exerted all his endeavours to
divert her from this idea ; but contradiction
plunged her into the deepest melancholy ; and
to draw her out of it again, he was obliged to
flatter her illusion. Then she displayed the
most brilliant gaiety. He seized these mo-
ments to talk to her of love ; but without
listening, she talked to him of politics.—
All her answers to the harangues of the depu-
ties, on her accession to the crown, were al-
ready prepared. She had even formed projects
of regulations for the territories of the grand
seignour. She would make them plant
vines

vines and build opera houses ; suppress the eunuchs, because they were good for nothing ; shut up the jealous, because they disturbed society ; and banish all self-interested persons, because sooner or later they became rogues. The sultan amused himself for some time with these follies ; nevertheless he still burnt with the most violent love, without any hope of being happy. On the least suspicion of violence she became furious, and was ready to kill herself. On the other hand, Soliman found not the ambition of Roxalana so very foolish : “ For, in short,” said he, “ is it not “ cruel to be alone, deprived of the happiness of associating to my fortune a woman “ whom I esteem and love ? All my subjects “ may have a lawful wife : an absurd law “ forbids marriage to me alone.” Thus spoke love, but policy put him to silence. He took the resolution of confiding to Roxalana the reasons which restrained him. “ I would “ make it,” said he, “ my happiness to leave “ nothing wanting to yours : but our manners” — “ Idle stories ! ” — “ Our laws ” — “ Old songs ! ” — “ The priests ” — “ What care they ? ” — “ The people and the soldiery ” — “ What “ is it to them ? will they be more wretched “ when you shall have me for your consort ? “ You have very little love, if you have so little courage ! ” She prevailed so far, that Soliman

man was ashamed of being so fearful. He orders the mufti, the visir, the camaican, the aga of the sea, and the aga of the janissaries, to come to him; and he says to them, “ I have carried, as far as I was able, the glory of the crescent; I have established the power and peace of my empire; and I desire nothing, by way of recompense for my labours, but to enjoy with the good-will of my subjects a blessing which they all enjoy. I know not what law, but it is one that is not derived down to us from the prophet, forbids the sultans the sweets of the marriage-bed: thence I perceive myself reduced to the condition of slaves, whom I despise: and I have resolved to marry a woman whom I adore. Prepare my people then for this marriage. If they approve it, I receive their approbation as a mark of their gratitude; but if they dare to murmur at it, tell them that I will have it so.” The assembly received the sultan’s orders with a respectful silence, and the people followed their example.

Soliman, transported with joy and love, went to fetch Roxalana, in order to lead her to the mosque; and said to himself in a low voice, as he was conducting her thither, “ Is it possible that a little turned-up nose should overturn the laws of an empire?”

The

The SCRUPLE;

OR,

LOVE DISSATISFIED WITH ITSELF.

"HEAVEN be praised," said Belisa, on going out of mourning for her husband, "I have now fulfilled a grievous and painful piece of duty! It was time it should be over. To see one's-self delivered up at the age of sixteen to a man whom we know nothing of; to pass the best days of one's life in dullness, dissimulation, and servitude: to be the slave and victim of a love we inspire, but of which we cannot partake; what a trial for virtue! I have undergone it, and am now discharged. I have nothing to reproach myself with; for though I did not love my husband, I pretended to love him, and that is much more heroic. I was faithful to him, notwithstanding his jealousy: in short, I have *mourned* for him. This, I think, is carrying goodness of heart as far as it can go. At length restored to myself, I

"depend



W. Sharp sculp.

THE SCRUPLE.



“depend on nothing but my own will, and
“it is only from to-day that I begin to live.
“Ah! how my heart would take fire, if
“any one should succeed so far as to please
“me! But let me consider well before I
“engage this heart of mine, and let me not,
“if possible, run the risque either of ceasing
“to love, or of ceasing to be loved. Cease
“to be loved! That, I believe, is a difficult
“matter,” resumed she, consulting at the
same time her looking-glass: “but to cease
“to love is still worse. How could one for
“any considerable time feign a passion one
“did not feel? I should never be able to do
“it. To leave a man after we have taken
“to him is a piece of effrontery beyond me;
“and then complaints, despair, the noise of
“a rupture, all that is frightful. Let me
“love, since heaven has given me a sensible
“heart; but let me love my whole life long,
“and not flatter myself with those transient
“likings, those caprices which are so often
“taken for love. I have time to chuse and
“try myself: the only thing to be done
“to avoid all surprise, is to form a distinct
“and exact notion of love. I have read
“that love is a passion, which of two souls
“makes but one, which pierces them at the
“same time, and fills them one with the
“other, which detaches them from every
“thing,

“ thing, supplies the want of every thing,
“ and makes their mutual happiness their
“ only care and desire. Such, without
“ doubt, is love; and according to this idea
“ of it, it will be very easy for me to distin-
“ guish in myself, and in others, the illusion
“ from the reality.”

Her first experiment was made on a young magistrate, with whom the disposition of her late husband's effects gave her some connexion. The president de S——, with an agreeable figure, a cultivated understanding, a sweet and sensible temper, was simple in his dress, easy in his manner, and modest in his conversation. He valued himself neither on being a connoisseur in equipages, nor fineries. He talked not of his horses to the women, nor of his intrigues to the men. He had all the talents becoming his place without ostentation, and all the agreeable qualities of a man of the world without being a coxcomb. He was the same at court and in company: not that he passed decrees at an entertainment, or rallied when he heard the causes; but as he had not the least affectation, he was always without disguise.

Belisa was touched with such uncommon merit. He had gained her confidence; he obtained her friendship, and under that name the heart goes a great way. The affairs of
Belisa's

Belisa's husband being settled, "May I be permitted," said the president one day to the widow, "to ask you one question in confidence? Do you propose to remain free, or shall the sacrifice of your liberty make one man more happy?" "No, Sir," said she, "I have too much delicacy ever to make it any man's duty to live only for me." "That duty would be a very pleasing one," replied the gallant magistrate, "and I greatly fear, that without your consent, more than one lover will impose it upon himself." "So much the better," said Belisa; "let them love me without being obliged to it: it is the most pleasing of all homages."—"Yet, Madam, I cannot suspect you of being a coquette."—"Oh! you would do me great injustice if you did; for I abominate coquetry."—"But to desire to be loved without loving again!"—"And who, Sir, has told you that I shall not love? Such resolutions are not taken at my age. I would neither constrain, nor be constrained: that is all."—"Very well: you desire then that the engagement should cease with inclination?"—"I desire that both the one and the other should be eternal, and for that reason I would avoid even the shadow of constraint. "I feel myself capable of loving all my life long in liberty; but to tell you the truth, I
" would

"would not promise to love two days in
"slavery."

The president saw plainly that he must humour her delicacy, and content himself with being on the footing of a friend. He had the modesty to bring himself to that, and from thenceforward every little tenderness of love was practised in order to touch her. He succeeded. I shall not mention the degrees by which Belisa's sensibility was every day more and more affected; let it suffice, that she was now come to that pass, when prudence, in equipoise with love, waits only one slight effort to turn the scale. They were at this point, and were *tête-à-tête*. The president's eyes, enflamed with love, devoured the charms of Belisa; he pressed her hand tenderly. Belisa trembling, hardly breathed. The president solicited her with the impassioned eloquence of desire. "Ah! president," said she to him at last, "could you be capable
"of deceiving me?" At these words the last sigh of modesty seemed to have escaped her lips. "No, Madam," said he, "it is my
"heart, it is Love himself who has just spoken
"by my mouth, and may I die at your feet
"it—" As he fell at Belisa's feet, his knee came upon one of the paws of *Shock*, the young widow's favourite lap-dog. *Shock* set up an howl. "Lord, Sir, how awkward
"you

"you are !" cried Belisa with anger. The president coloured, and was disconcerted. He took *Shock* to his bosom, kissed the injured paw, asked his pardon a thousand times, and entreated him to solicit his forgiveness. *Shock*, recovered of his pain, returned the president's caresses. "You see, Madam, he has good-nature: he forgives me; it is a fine example for you." Belisa made no reply. She was fallen into a profound reverie, and a cold gravity. He wanted at first to interpret her gravity as a little pouting, and threw himself again at Belisa's feet in order to appease her. "Pray, Sir, get up," said she to him; "these freedoms displease me, and I do not know that I have given any room for them."

Imagine the president's astonishment. He was confounded for two whole minutes, without being able to bring out a word. "What! Madam," said he to her at last, "can it be possible that so trivial an accident has drawn your anger upon me?" "Not at all, Sir; but I may without anger take it ill that any one should throw himself at my feet: it is a situation that suits only happy lovers, and I esteem you too much to suspect your having dared to form any such pretensions." "I do not see, Madam," replied the president with emotion, "why a hope founded on love
" should

“should render me less worthy of esteem ;
“but may I presume to ask you, since love
“is a crime in your eyes, what is the nature
“of the sentiment you have expressed towards
“me ?”—“Friendship, Sir, friendship ; and
“I desire you very seriously to keep to that.”
—“I ask your pardon, Madam ; I should
“have sworn that it had been somewhat else ;
“I see plainly that I was mistaken.”—“That
“may be, Sir ; many others are mistaken, as
“well as yourself.” The president could no
longer sustain the shock of so strange an in-
stance of caprice. He went away in despair,
and was not recalled.

As soon as Belisa found herself alone, “Was
“not I going to be guilty of a fine piece of
“folly ?” said she with indignation. “I have
“seen the moment when my weakness was
“going to yield to a man whom I did not love.
“They may well say, that we know nothing
“less than ourselves. I could have sworn
“that I adored him, that there was nothing
“which I was not disposed to sacrifice to him :
“no such thing : he happens, without in-
“tending it, to hurt my little dog, and this
“violent love immediately gives place to
“anger. A dog touches me more than he,
“and without a moment’s hesitation I take
“the part of this little animal against the man
“in the world whom I thought I loved best.

“A very

“ A very lively passion, indeed, mighty solid,
“ and tender ! See how we take ideas for
“ sentiments ! The brain is heated, and we
“ fancy the heart enflamed : we proceed to
“ all manner of follies ; the illusion ceases,
“ and disgust succeeds : we must tire our-
“ selves with constancy, without love, or
“ be inconstant with indecency. O ! my
“ dear *Shock*, what do I not owe you ? It
“ is you that have undeceived me. But for
“ you, I should perhaps have been at this
“ moment overwhelmed with confusion, and
“ torn with remorse.”

Whether Belisa did or did not love the president, (for questions of this nature turn merely on the equivocation of terms) it is certain, that on the strength of saying to herself that she did not love him, she succeeded so far as to convince herself of it ; and a young officer soon confirmed her in her opinion.

Lindor, from being one of the pages, had just obtained a company of horse. Freshness of youth, impatience of desire, giddiness and levity, which are graces at sixteen, and follies at thirty, rendered agreeable in the eyes of Belisa this young man of quality, who had the honour of belonging to her husband's family. Lindor was extremely fond of himself, and not without reason ; he knew that he was well made, and of a charming figure. He said so

sometimes ; but he laughed so heartily after he had said it, he discovered in laughing so fresh a mouth and such fine teeth, that these simplicities were pardoned at his age. He mingled besides such lofty and noble sentiments with the puerilities of self-love, that all this together was very engaging. He was desirous of having a handsome mistress, and a good war-horse ; he would view himself in the glass as he went through the Prussian exercise. He would beg Belisa to lend him the *Sopha**, and asked her if she had read *Folard's Polybius*. He thought it long till spring, that he might have an elegant suit, in case of a peace, or make a campaign if it should be war. This mixture of frivolousness and heroism is perhaps the most seducing of any thing in the eyes of a woman. A confused presage that this pretty little creature, who trifles at the toilette, who caresses his dear self, who admires his own sweet person, will perhaps in two months time throw himself in the face of a battery upon a squadron of the enemy, or climb like a grenadier up a mined breach ; this presage gives to the gentilities of a fine gentleman an air of the marvellous, which creates admiration and tenderness : but this foppery sits well on none but young gentlemen of the

* The title of a loose novel.

army. A piece of advice, by the way, to pretty fellows of every condition.

Belisa was affected by the simple and airy graces of Lindor. He had conceived a passion for her from the first visit. A young page is in haste to be in love. "My beautiful cousin," said he to her one day, (for so he called her on account of their alliance) "I ask of Heaven but two things; to make my first campaigns against the English, and with you." "You are a giddy creature," said she, "and I advise you to desire neither one nor the other: one will happen perhaps but too soon, and the other will never happen at all!"—"Never happen at all! That is very strong, my sweet cousin. But I expected this answer: so it does not discourage me. Come, I will lay you a wager, that before my second campaign you will cease to be cruel. Now that I have nothing to plead for me but my age and figure, you treat me like a child; but when you shall have heard it said, he was at such an action, his regiment charged on such an occasion, he distinguished himself, he took a post, he has run a thousand risques; then your little heart will go pit-a-pat with fear and pleasure, and perhaps with love; who knows? If I were wounded, for example! Oh! that is very moving! For my part,

“ if I were a woman, I should wish that my
“ lover had been wounded in the wars. I
“ would kiss his scars, I should have infinite
“ pleasure in counting them. My beautiful
“ cousin, I shall show you mine. You will
“ never be able to hold it.” — “ Go, you
“ young fool, do your duty like a gallant
“ man, and do not shock me with presages
“ that make me tremble.” — “ See now if I
“ have not spoke truth ? I make you tremble
“ before-hand. Ah ! if the idea alone affects
“ you, what will the reality ? Courage, my
“ pretty cousin, you may trust yourself to me :
“ will not you give me something in advance
“ upon account of the laurels that I am going
“ to gather ?”

Such fooleries passed between them every day. Belisa, who pretended to laugh at them, was not the less sensibly touched ; but that vivacity which made so great an impression upon her heart, prevented Lindor from perceiving it. He was neither knowing enough, nor attentive enough, to observe the gradations of sentiment, and to draw his advantages from them. Not but he was as enterprising as politeness requires ; but a look intimidated him, and the fear of displeasing influenced him as much as his impatience to be happy. Thus two months passed away in slight attempts, without any decisive success.

success. However, their mutual passion grew more and more animated; and feeble as Belisa's resistance was, she was tired of it herself, when the signal for war gave the alarm to their loves.

At this terrible signal all engagements are suspended: one flies away without waiting an answer to a most gallant billet; another fails in an assignation that would have crowned all his wishes: a total revolution in the whole empire of pleasures!

Lindor had scarce time to take leave of Belisa. She had now reproached herself a hundred times for her imaginary cruelties. "This poor youth," said she, "loves me with all his soul: nothing can be more natural or tender than the expression of his sentiments. His figure is a model for a painter or statuary. He is beautiful as the day; giddy indeed: but who is not so at his age? And he has an excellent heart. He has nothing to do but to amuse himself: he would find few cruel: yet he sees only me, he breathes only for me, and I treat him with disdain. I wonder how he bears it. I confess, that if I were in his place I should soon leave this rigid Belisa to stupify herself with her virtue; for, in short, though prudery is well enough sometimes, yet to be always acting the prudish part!"

As she was making these reflections, the news arrived that the negotiations of peace were broken off, and that the officers had orders to rejoin their corps without a moment's delay. At this news all her blood froze in her veins, "He is going," cried she, her heart struck and penetrated. "He is going to fight, going to die perhaps, and I shall never see him more!" Lindor arrives in his uniform. "I am come to bid you adieu, my sweet cousin; I am going; going to face the enemy. Half of my wish is fulfilled; and I hope that at my return you will fulfil the other half. I love you dearly, my sweet cousin! Do you sometimes remember your little cousin; he will return your faithful servant, he gives you his word. If he is slain, indeed, he will not return; but in that case his ring and watch shall be sent you. You see here this little dog is enamel. In it you will retrace my image, my fidelity, my tenderness, and you will sometimes kiss it." In pronouncing these last words, he smiled tenderly, and his eyes were bedewed with tears. Belisa, who was no longer able to retain her own, said to him with the most sorrowful air in the world, "You quit me very gaily, Lindor: you say you love me; are these the adieus of a lover? I thought it had been
"dreadful

“dreadful to banish one’s-self from what one loves. But it is not now the time to reproach you ; come, embrace me.” Lindor transported made use of this permission even to licentiousness, and Belisa was not offended. “And when are you to depart ?” said she. — “Immediately ?” — “Immediately ? What ! do not you sup with me !” — “Impossible.” — “I had a thousand things to say to you.” — “Say them quickly then ; my horses wait.” — “You are very cruel to refuse me one evening !” — Ah ! my pretty cousin, I would give you my life ; but my honour is at stake : my hours are numbered ; I must be there to a minute. Think, if there should be an action and I not there ; I should be undone : your little cousin would be unworthy of you. Suffer me to deserve you.”

Belisa embraced him anew, bathing him at the same time with her tears. “Go,” said she, “I should be distracted if I drew the least reproach upon you ; your honour is as dear to me as my own. Be wise, expose yourself only just as much as duty requires, and return such as I now see you. You do not give me time to say more ; but we will write to each other. Adieu.” — “Adieu, my sweet cousin.” — “Adieu, adieu, my dear boy !”

It is thus that among us gallantry is the soul of honour, as honour is the soul of our armies. Our ladies have no occasion to meet our warriors more than half-way, in order to make them fight; but the contempt with which they treat a poltroon, and the favour they show to men of courage, render their lovers intrepid.

Belisa passed the night in the most profound sorrow, and bathed her bed with her tears, The day following she wrote to Lindor: all that a tender and delicate soul could inspire, of the most touching nature, was expressed in her letter. O ye, who are so ill educated! who is it that teaches you to write so well? Does Nature take pleasure to humble us by giving you your revenge?

Lindor in his answer, which was full of fire and irregularity, expressed by turns the two passions of his soul, military ardor and love. Belisa's impatience disturbed her rest till she received this answer. Their correspondence was established, and continued without interruption for half the campaign; and the last letter they wrote was always the warmest; the last that was expected, always the most desired. Lindor, to his misfortune, had a suspicious confident. "You are bewitched," said this bosom friend to him, "with this woman's being so fond of you. Ah, if

“ if you did but know the bottom of all this !
“ I know women. Will you make one proof
“ of your mistress ? Write her word that you
“ have lost an eye ; I will lay a wager she
“ will advise you to take patience, and forget
“ her.” Lindor, quite certain of his triumph,
consented to make the trial ; and as he knew
not how to lie, his friend dictated the letter.
Belisa was distracted : the image of Lindor
presented itself to her imagination, but with
one eye wanting. That large black patch
made it impossible to know him. “ What
“ pity !” said she sighing. “ His two eyes
“ were so brilliant ! Mine met them with so
“ much pleasure ! Love had painted himself
“ there with so many charms ! Yet he is only
“ the more interesting to my heart on this ac-
“ count, and I ought to love him the more.
“ He must be disconsolate ; and dreads nothing
“ so much as the appearing less amiable to
“ me. Let me write to him, to encourage,
“ to comfort him, if it be possible.” This
was the first time that Belisa was ever obliged
to say to herself, *Let me write to him !* Her
letter was cold, in spite of herself : she per-
ceived it, tore it, and writ it over anew. The
expressions were strong enough ; but the turn
of them was forced, and the stile laboured.
That black patch, instead of a fine eye,
clouded her imagination, and chilled her con-
ceptions.

ceptions. "Ah! let me flatter myself no
"longer," said she, tearing her letter a second
time: "this poor youth is no longer beloved;
"an eye lost turns my soul topsy-turvy. I
"wanted to play the heroine; and I am but
"a weak woman: let me not affect senti-
"ments above my character. Lindor does
"not deserve to be deceived: he reckons up-
"on a generous and sensible soul: but if I
"cannot love him, I ought at least to un-
"deceive him: his lying under a mistake
"will give me pain. I am disconsolate,"
writ she to him, "and am much more to
"be lamented than yourself: you have
"lost only a charm, but I am going to lose
"your esteem, as I have already lost my
"own. I thought myself worthy to love
"you, and to be beloved by you; I am no
"longer so: my heart flattered itself with
"being superior to events; a single ac-
"cident has changed me. Console your-
"self, Sir! you will always please any
"reasonable woman; and after the humili-
"ating confession I have now made you,
"you have no longer any occasion to regret
"me."

Lindor was distracted on reading this billet.
The *Sir* especially appeared to him an atro-
cious injury. "*Sir!*" cried he. "Ah!
"the perfidious woman! Her little cousin,
"*Sir!*"

"*Sir!* This *Sir* is for the man with one eye." He went to find out his friend. "I told you so," said the confident, "Now is the time to take your revenge; unless you had rather wait the end of the campaign, in order to give your heroine the pleasure of a surprise." "No, I will put her to confusion this very day," replied the unfortunate Lindor. He then wrote to her, that he was quite transported that he had tried her; that *Sir* had still got his two eyes, but that those eyes would never view her more, but as the most ungrateful of women. Belisa was confounded, and from that instant resolved to renounce the world, and bury herself in the country. "Let me go and vegetate," said she; "I am fit for nothing else."

In her country neighbourhood was a kind of philosopher in the flower of his age, who, after having enjoyed every thing for six months of the year in town, was come for the other six months to enjoy himself in voluptuous solitude. He paid his compliments to Belisa. "You have," said she to him, "the reputation of wisdom; what is your plan of life?" "Plan, Madam! I never had any," replied the count de P—. I do every thing that can amuse me, I seek after every thing that I love, and carefully avoid

“every thing that makes me dull, or displeases me.”—“Do you live alone? or do you see company?”—“I see our shepherd sometimes, whom I teach morality; I converse with husbandmen, who are better instructed than all our *literati*; I give a ball to some of the prettiest young villagers in the world; I make lotteries for them of laces and ribands, and I marry off the most amorous.” “What!” said Belisa with astonishment, “do these folks know what love is?”—“Better than we do, Madam; a hundred times better than we do. They love like turtles: they give me an appetite for it.”—“You will confess, however, that they love without delicacy.”—“Alas! Madam, delicacy is a refinement of art; they have instinct from Nature, and that instinct renders them happy. They talk of love in town, but it is practised only in the country. They have in sentiment what we have in imagination. I have tried, like other people, to love and be loved in the world; caprice and convenience, order and disorder, every thing. A connexion is nothing more than a rencounter: here inclination makes the choice: you will see in the sports that I give them, how their simple and tender hearts seek each other
“by

“by turns.” “You give me,” said Belisa,
“a picture of the country beyond expecta-
“tion. They say these people are so much
“to be lamented!”—“They were so, Ma-
“dam, some years ago; but I have found
“out the secret of rendering their condition
“more agreeable.”—“Oh! you shall tell
“me your secret,” interrupted Belisa briskly;
“I want to make use of it.”—“It is your
“own fault if you do not. It is this: I
“have an income of forty thousand livres a
“year; of this I spend ten or twelve at
“Paris in the two seasons that I pass there;
“eight or ten at my house in the country;
“and by this management I have twenty
“thousand livres to throw away on ex-
“changes.”—“What exchanges?”—“I
“have lands well cultivated, meadows well
“watered, orchards well fenced, and well
“planted.”—“What then?”—“What
“then! Lucas, Blaise, Nicolas, my neigh-
“bours and my good friends, have grounds
“lying fallow, or poor; they have not where-
“with to cultivate them; I swap mine with
“them for theirs; and the same extent of
“land, which hardly maintained them, after
“two crops make them rich. The ground
“which was barren under their hands, be-
“comes fertile in mine. I choose the seed for
“it,

“ it, the plant, the manure, the husbandry
“ that suits it, and as soon as it is in good
“ condition, I bethink me of some new ex-
“ change. These are my amusements.”
“ Charming !” cried Belisa, “ you under-
“ stand agriculture then ?” — “ A little,
“ Madam, and I instruct myself in it ; I
“ oppose the theory of the learned to the
“ experience of farmers ; I endeavour to cor-
“ rect what I see defective in the speculations
“ of the one, and to the practice of the other :
“ and the study is amusing.” — “ Oh ! I
“ believe it, and I would fain give into it.
“ Why ? You ought to be adored in these
“ parts ; these poor labourers ought to consider
“ you as their father.” — “ Yes, Madam, we
“ have a great affection for each other.” —
“ I am very happy my Lord, that chance
“ has given me such a neighbour ! Let us see
“ each other often, I entreat of you : I want
“ to pursue your labours, to follow your
“ method, and become your rival in the hearts
“ of these good people.” — “ You cannot have,
“ Madam, any rivals of either sex wherever
“ it is your desire to please, and even where
“ it is not.”

Such was their first interview ; and from
this moment see Belisa a villager, entirely
taken up with agriculture, conversing with
farmers, and reading nothing but the *Complete*
System

System of Agriculture. The count invited her to one of his holiday feasts, and presented her to the peasants as a new benefactress, or rather as their sovereign. She was a witness of the love and respect they had for him. Sentiments of this kind are catching: they are so natural and so tender! it is the highest of all encomiums, and Belisa was touched with them even to jealousy; but how distant was this jealousy from hatred! "It must be confessed," said she, "that they have great reason to love him, Exclusive of his good actions, nobody in the world is more amiable."

From this time the most intimate, and in appearance the most philosophical connexion was established between them. Their conversation turned only on natural studies, on the means of renovating this old mother earth, who exhausts herself for the sake of her children. Botany pointed out to them the plants salutary to the flocks and herds, and those that were hurtful; mechanics afforded them the powers to raise water at a small expence to the top of dry hills, and to soften the fatigues of animals destined to labour; natural history taught them how to calculate the æconomical inconveniences and advantages in the choice of these animals; practice confirmed or corrected their observations; and they made their experiments

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experiments in small, in order to render them less expensive. The holiday came round, and their sports suspended their studies.

Belisa and the philosopher mingled in the dances of the villagers. Belisa perceived with surprise that not one of them was taken up in admiring her. "You will now," said she to her friend, "suspect me of a very strange piece of coquetry; but I will not dissemble with you. I have been told a hundred times that I was handsome; I have likewise, much beyond these peasants, the advantage of dress; yet I do not see, in the eyes of the young country fellows, any trace of emotion at the sight of me. They think only of their companions; they have no souls but for them." "Nothing is more natural, Madam," said the count. "Desire never comes without some ray of hope; and these poor people find you no otherwise beautiful, than as they do the stars and the flowers." "You surprise me," said Belisa: is it hope that renders us sensible?"—"No: but it directs our sensibility."—"We never love then but with the hope of pleasing?"—"No to be sure, Madam; or else who could help loving you?" "A philosopher then has gallantry?" replied Belisa, with a smile.—"I speak the truth, Madam,

“ Madam, though no philosopher ; but if I
“ deserved that name, I should only have the
“ more sensibility. A true philosopher is a
“ man, and glories in being so. Wisdom
“ never contradicts nature, but when nature
“ is in the wrong.” Belisa blushed, the count
was confounded, and they sat some time, with
their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring
to break silence, The count endeavoured to
renew the conversation on the beauties of the
country ; but their discourse was confused,
broken, and without continuation : they no
longer knew what they said, and still less what
they were going to say. They parted at last,
she thoughtfull, and he lost ; and both afraid
that they had said too much.

The youth of the neighbouring villages
assembled the next day, in order to give them
a feast : its sprightliness composed all its orna-
ment. Belisa was transported at it ; but the
catastrophe surprised her. The master of the
feast had made songs in praise of her and the
count, and the couplets closed with saying,
that Belisa was the elm, and the count the ivy.
The count knew not whether he should silence
them, or take the matter in jest ; but Belisa
was offended at it. “ Pardon them, Madam,
said the count to her, as he reconducted her
home, “ these good people speak what they
“ think,

“ think, and know no better. I should have
“ put them to silence, but that I had not the
“ courage to make them unhappy.” Belisa
made him no answer, and he retired overwhelmed with sorrow for the impression this innocent sport had made on her.

“ How unhappy am I !” said Belisa, after the departure of the count. “ See, here again
“ is a man I am going to love. It is so
“ clear, that even these peasants perceive it :
“ it will be with him, as with all others, a
“ slight flame, a spark. No : I will see him
“ no more : it is shameful to be desirous of
“ inspiring a passion, when we are not susceptible of it ourselves. The count would
“ deliver himself up to me without reserve,
“ and with the greatest confidence : I should
“ make a very respectable man unhappy, if I
“ were to break with him.” The next day he sent to know if she was to be seen.—“ What
“ shall I do ? If I refuse him to-day, I must
“ see him to-morrow ; if I persist in not
“ seeing him more, what will he think of this
“ change ? What has he done that can have
“ displeased me ? Shall I leave him to think
“ that I mistrust him or myself ? After all,
“ what if he should assure me that he loves
“ me ? And if he should love, am I obliged
“ to love him ? I will bring him to reason,
“ I will give him a sketch of my character,
“ he

“ he will esteem me the more for it : I must
“ see him.” The count comes.

“ I am going to surprise you,” said she to
him ; “ I have been on the point of breaking
“ with you.”—“ With me, Madam ! why ?
“ What is my crime ?”—“ Being amiable
“ and dangerous, I declare to you that I
“ came here in quest of repose ; that I fear
“ nothing so much as love ; that I am not
“ formed for a solid engagement ; that I have
“ the lightest, the most inconstant soul in the
“ world ; that I despise transitory likings ;
“ and that I have not a sufficient fund of sen-
“ sibility to entertain a durable passion. This
“ is my character : I give you warning. I
“ can answer for myself with respect to friend-
“ ship ; but as to love, you must not depend
“ on me ; and that I may have no cause to
“ reproach myself, I would neither inspire it,
“ nor be inspired with it myself. “ Your
“ sincerity encourages mine,” replied the
count, “ you are now going to know me in
“ my turn. I have conceived for you, with-
“ out the least suspicion or intention, a love
“ the most tender and violent : it is the hap-
“ piest thing that could have happened to me,
“ and I resign myself up to it with all my
“ heart. Say what you please to me. You
“ think yourself light and inconstant ; I
“ think

“ think I know the character of your soul
“ better than yourself.”—“ No, Sir, I have
“ tried myself, and now you shall judge.” She
told him the story of the president, and that
of the young page. “ You loved them, Ma-
“ dam you loved them: you discourage your-
“ self without cause. Your anger against the
“ president was without consequence. The
“ first emotion is always for the dog, but the
“ second for the lover; so nature has ordered
“ it. As to the cooling of your love to-
“ wards the page, that would not have been
“ more durable. An eye lost always produces
“ this effect; but by degrees we become ac-
“ customed to it. As to the duration of a
“ passion, I must be ingenuous with you.
“ What a madman is he who requires impos-
“ sibilities! I ardently desire to please you; I
“ shall make it the happiness of my life: but
“ if your inclination should happen to grow
“ faint, it would be a misfortune, but no
“ crime. What! because there is no pleasure
“ in life without its alloy, must we deprive
“ ourselves of every thing, renounce every
“ thing? No, Madam, we must make choice
“ of what is good, and pardon both in our-
“ selves, and others, what is not quite so
“ well, or what is really evil. We lead an
“ easy, quiet life here; nothing but love is
“ wanting to embellish it; let us make the
“ experiment.

“experiment. If love should vanish, friend-
“ship still remains, and as vanity has no share
“in it, the friendship that survives love is the
“sweeter, the more intimate and more ten-
“der.”—“Really, Sir,” said she, “this
“is strange philosophy.”—“Simple and
“natural, Madam ! I could make romances
“as well as another ; but life is not a ro-
“mance : our principles, as well as senti-
“ments, ought to be founded in nature.
“Nothing is easier than to imagine prodigies
“of love ; but all those heroes exist only in
“the brains of authors : they say what they
“please ; let us do what we can. It is a mis-
“fortune, without doubt, to cease to please ;
“it is a greater to cease to love ; but the
“height of misery is to pass one’s life in fear
“and self constraint. Confide in yourself,
“Madam, and deign to confide in me. It is
“cruel enough not to be able to love always,
“without dooming one’s self never to love at
“all. Let us imitate our villagers : they do
“not examine whether they shall love long ;
“it is sufficient for them, to feel that they
“love. I surprise you ? You have been
“brought up in the region of chimeras.
“Believe me, you have a good disposition :
“return to truth, suffer yourself to be guided
“by Nature : she will conduct you much
“better than art, which loses itself in the
“void,

“ void, and reduces sentiment to nothing by
“ means of analysing it.”

If Belisa was not persuaded, she was much less confirmed in her first resolution; and from the moment that reason wavers, it is easy to overturn it. Belisa submitted without difficulty, and never did mutual love render two hearts more happy! Resigned with the utmost freedom one to the other, they forgot the world, they forgot themselves. All the faculties of their souls united in one, formed a mere vortex of fire, of which love was the centre, and pleasure the fuel.

This first ardour abated, and Belisa was alarmed; but the count confirmed her. They return to their rural amusements. Belisa found that nature was embellished: that the heavens were more serene, and the country more delightful; the sports of the villagers pleased her more than before: they recalled a delicious remembrance. Their labours became more interesting. “ My lover,” said she to herself, “ is the god who encourages them: his humanity, his generosity, are the rivulets which fertilize these fields.” She loved to converse with the husbandmen on the benefits showered upon them by this mortal, whom they called their father. Love brought home to herself all the good they said of him. Thus she passed the whole summer
in

in loving, in admiring him, in seeing him make others happy, and in making herself happy also.

Belisa had proposed to the count to pass the winter out of town, and he had answered her with a smile, "With all my heart." But as soon as the country began to grow bare, that walking was impracticable, that the days became rainy, the mornings cold, and the evenings long, Belisa perceived with bitterness, that weariness took possession of her soul, and that she wanted to revisit Paris. She confessed it with her usual frankness. "I told you so before-hand; you would not believe me: the event but too well justifies the ill opinion I had of myself."—"What event?"—"Ah! my dear count, since I must tell you, I grow tired: I love you no longer."—"You grow tired; that is very possible," replied the count, with a smile; but you do not love me the less: it is the country that you love no longer."—"Alas! Sir, why do you flatter me? All places, all seasons, are agreeable with those we love."—"Yes, in romances, I have told you so already, but not in nature." "It is in vain for you to say so," insisted Belisa; I know full well, that two months ago I could have been happy with you in a desert."—"Without doubt,

"doubt, Madam, such is the intoxication of
"a growing passion; but this first flame lasts
"only for a time. Love, when made happy,
"grows calm and moderate. The soul, from
"that instant, less agitated, begins to become
"sensible to impressions from without: we are
"no longer alone in the world: we begin to
"feel the necessity of dissipation and amuse-
"ment."—"Ah! Sir, to what do you re-
"duce love?"—"To truth, my dear Belisa."
—"To nothing, my dear count, to nothing."
"You cease to be my only happiness, I have
"therefore ceased to love you."—"No, my
"soul's idol, no, I have not lost your heart,
"and I shall be always dear to you."—"Al-
"ways dear; yes, to be sure; but how?"—"As
"I would wish to be."—"Alas! I per-
"ceive my own injustice too clearly to con-
"ceal it from myself."—"No, Madam,
"you are not unjust. You love me suffi-
"ciently: I am content, and would not be
"loved more. Will you be more difficult
"than I?"—"Yes, Sir, I shall never for-
"give myself the having been able to grow
"tired of the most amiable man in the world."
—"And I, Madam, and I, who have no
"thing to boast of, am tired also at times of
"the most adorable of all women, and I for-
"give myself for it."—"What! Sir, are
"you ever tired of me?"—"Even of you."
"Never."

"Nevertheless, I love you more than my life.
"Are you satisfied now?"—"Come, Sir,
"let us return to Paris!"—"Yes, Ma-
"dam, with all my heart; but remember,
"that the month of May shall find us in the
"country again."—"I don't believe it."—
"I assure you it will, and more fond than
"ever."

Belisa, on her return to town, began to give herself up to all the amusements, which the winter occasions, with an avidity which she thought insatiable. The count, on his side, abandoned himself to the torrent of the world, but with less eagerness. By degrees Belisa's ardour abated. The suppers appeared long to her: she grew tired at the play. The count took care to see her seldom; his visits were short, and he chose those hours when she was surrounded by a multitude of adorers: she asked him one day, in a very low voice, "What do you think of Paris?"—"Every
"thing amuses, nothing attaches me."—
"Why do not you come and sup with me?"—
"You have seen me so often, Madam! I am
"discreet; the world has its turn, and I shall
"have mine."—"You are still persuaded,
"then, that I love you?"—"I never talk of
"love in town. What think you, Madam,
"of the new opera?" pursued he aloud, and
the conversation became general.

Belisa was always comparing the count with every thing that appeared best, and the comparison always turned out in his favour. “No body,” said she, “has that candour, that simplicity, that evenness of character; no body has that goodness of soul and elevation of sentiment. When I recollect our conversation, all our young people seem nothing more than well-taught parrots. He may well doubt that one can cease to love him after having known him; but no; it is not the good opinion he has of himself, it is the good opinion he has of me, that gives him this confidence. How happy should I be were it well founded!”

Such were Belisa’s reflections; and the more she perceived her inclination for him revive, the more she was at ease with herself. In short, the desire of seeing him again became so strong, that she could not resist writing to him. He repaired to her; and accosting her with a smile, “What, Madam,” said he, “a *tête-à-tête*! I shall create a thousand jealousies” “Nobody, Sir,” said Belisa, “has a right to be so; and you know that I have only friends: but you, are not you afraid of disturbing some new conquest?” “I never made but one in my life,” replied the count; “she expects me in the country, and I shall go this spring to see her.”—“She would be to be pitied if she
“ were

"were in town: you are so taken up here, that she would run the hazard of being neglected." —"She would amuse herself, Madam, and think nothing of me."—"No more of this beating about the bush," resumed she: "why do I see you so seldom, and for so short a time?"—"To let you enjoy at full liberty all the pleasures of your youth."—"You can never give me too much of your company, Sir; my house is your's; look upon it as such, it will flatter me: I request it, and I have acquired a right to exact it."—"No, Madam, exact nothing; I should despair if I displeased you: but permit me not to see you again till the summer." This obstinacy piqued her. "Go, Sir," said she to him, with anger, "go seek pleasures in which I have no part. I have merited your inconstancy."—From that day she had not a moment's ease: she informed herself of all his proceedings: she sought and followed him with her eyes in the public walks and at the theatres: the women whom he saw became odious to her; she never ceased questioning his friends. The winter appeared intolerably long. Though it was but the beginning of March, some fine days happening, "I must," said she, "confound him, and justify myself. I have been wrong hitherto, he has that advantage over me; but to-morrow he

"shall have it no longer." She sent to request him to come to her; every thing was ready for their departure. The count arrives. "Your hand," said Belisa, "to help me in—" "to my coach." "Where are we going then?" said he.—"To grow tired of ourselves in the—" "country." The count was transported with joy at these words. Belisa, at the movement of the hand that supported her, perceived the ecstasy and emotion herself had given birth to. "O my dear count!" said she to him, pressing that hand which trembled beneath her's, "what—" "do I not owe you? You have taught me—" "to love; you have convinced me, that I was—" "capable of it; and in clearing up my doubts,—" "with respect to my own sentiments, you—" "have done me the most pleasing violence:—" "you have forced me to think well of myself,—" "and to believe myself worthy of you. My—" "love is satisfied. I have no longer any—" "SCRUPLE, and I am happy."





Sharp Sculp.

THE FOUR PHIALS.

The FOUR PHIALS;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF ALCIDONIS OF MEGARA.

I REGRET the loss of fairyism. It was to lively imaginations a source of innocent pleasures, and the handsomest way in the world of forming agreeable dreams. The climates of the East were formerly peopled with genii and fairies. The Greeks considered them as mediating beings between men and gods: witness the familiar dæmon of Socrates: witness the fairy which protected Alcidonis, as I am going to relate.

The fairy Galante had taken Alcidonis under her protection, even before his coming into the world. She presided at his birth, and endowed him with the gift of pleasing, without any determined inclination to love. His youth was but the unfolding of those talents and graces, which he had received as his lot.

He had passed his fifteenth year, when his father, one of the richest and most honourable

citizens of Megara, on his sending him to Athens to perform his exercises, embraced him, and said thus; " My dear son, you
" are going to mix in the world among a
" number of giddy young fellows, who launch
" out into the most outrageous abuse of wo-
" men. Never believe them. Those fellows
" affect to despise them, only because they
" have not been able to render them despi-
" cable. For my own part, to begin with
" your mother, my virtuous wife, I have found
" in the fair sex, that delicacy of sentiment,
" candour, and truth, of which few men are
" capable. Do as I have done; choose an
" honest wife, of an even temper, solid cha-
" racter, and a sociable, and not austere,
" virtue. There are women of this stamp
" every where. My consent shall follow your
" choice; I am a tender father, and desire no-
" thing but your happiness." Alcidonis,
full of these lessons, arrives at Athens. His
first visit was to Seliana, to whom he had re-
commendations. Seliana in her youth had
been handsome and agreeable; she was still
agreeable, but began to be no longer hand-
some. After the first compliments, " What
" is your business here?" said an old captain
to him, who was husband to Seliana, and an
old friend of his father. " A fine thing in-
" deed, at your age, to bury one's self among
" the

"the women! The Circus, the Piræus, these are the schools for you, and not that trifling circle which they call the *beau monde*. I am mad when I see a young fellow come to Athens; they ought to go to Sparta."

Alcidonis was disconcerted by so warm an apostrophe; but Seliana took his part warmly. "That is so like you," said she to her husband: "Sparta, the Circus, the Piræus! well! and prithee now, what do they learn in these famous schools?" "To get money and fight," replied the husband roughly. — "To get money! very noble indeed! To fight! very agreeable! The first is unworthy the ambition of a gallant man, and the second is learnt but too soon." — "Not so soon, Madam, not so very soon as you imagine. I am afraid that after passing his youth at the toilette, a man would make neither a good officer, nor a good soldier." — "Well! for my part, there is nothing more hideous and disagreeable in my eyes, than a man who has never learnt any thing but to fight. One would imagine, that you came into the world only to cut one another's throats! Peace has its talents and virtues, as well as war. Men are not always at the head of a troop." — "So much the worse! by all the gods, so much the worse! I wish it were forbid, even in time of peace,

“to quit the colours on pain of death.”—
“How, Sir! would not you allow us so much
“as one man?”—“You should have men
“enough, Madam: you should have all the
“refuse. There are numbers quite useless to
“the state!”—“Very fine, indeed! you
“would reduce us then to the refuse of the
“commonwealth. The ladies are infinitely
“obliged to you.”—“I acquit them of all
“obligations.”—“No, Sir, we are citizens,
“and we generously give up to the state
“all those figures that displease us, all faces
“that fright one, all those fierce characters
“that delight in nothing but murder, and
“are good for nothing else.”—“And you
“reserve to yourselves the handsome men who
“love to live, is it not so?”—“Certainly.”—
“That is right; and the Areopagus, to be
“sure, will take care to pass it into a de-
“cree, to please you. Pardon me, Sir, my
“wife is a fool. I leave you; for I can stand
“it no longer. Oh Hercules! Madam, must
“I be your husband! These things happen
“to nobody but myself.” At these words he
went out, stamping with his feet, and clapt
the door roughly after him.

“Here is a strange family!” said Alcidonis,
“Pray, Madam, have you often scenes of
“this kind?”—“Why, yes,” replied she
coldly, “always when I have company.”—
“And

“And when you are alone?”—“He grumbles still, but not quite so loud.”—“And how came you to marry him?”—“As all the world marry, for convenience and interest. As to any thing else, he is the best man in the world. When I am weary of him, I contradict him; he grows impatient, and walks off: then I do what I please. I advise you to show him respect. His friendship is not to be neglected, and may be of use to you. Do you bring recommendations to many people here?”—“To my father’s particular friends; but the number of them is not great.”—“So much the better, we shall see each other the oftener. I wish it for your own sake, for on entering into a new world, the wisest have need of a guide.”—“Will you, Madam, condescend to be mine?”—“Either I or my husband; you shall take your choice.”—“My choice is made, Madam.” Thus passed their first interview.

When the husband returned, “You are a strange man,” said Seliana to him, “your behaviour has frightened away this young man,”—“Whom you wanted to render familiar?”—“I understand you, Sir; henceforth I shall order my door to be shut against him.”—“How! no, Madam, I am not jealous. It would be beginning a little too late. I was not jealous in the bloom

“ of your youth, and I shall hardly be so now
“ you are grown older.”—“ How extremely
“ gallant ! but I am used to it. Remember,
“ however, that you owe a visit to this son of
“ your old friend.”—“ I shall see him, Ma-
“ dam : I know life, and you may trust to my
“ behaviour.”

The day after, at his entrance into Alcidonis's lodging, he resumed the conversation of the night before. “ Well,” said he to him, “ are
“ you going to give into the effeminate man-
“ ners of the Atherian youth ? My wife has
“ disposed you for it, no doubt. Take care ;
“ not of her, for her time is past, thank heaven ;
“ but take care of the rest of her sex. They
“ are most dangerous syrens. No safety in any
“ dealings with them. They take you, deceive
“ you, and quit you without shame. One
“ would think, on seeing them amusing them-
“ selves with the men, that we were made
“ only for their play-things.” “ If so,”
said Alcidonis, “ the women of Athens are not
“ like those of Megara !”—“ At Megara, it
“ is the very same as here. You are like your
“ old father. The good man would swear only
“ by his chaste better half. It was out of com-
“ plaisance to him, that she dressed and saw
“ company ; out of piety, that she shut her-
“ self up with a young priest of Minerva ; by
“ way of retirement, that she went to pass
“ the

“ the evenings at a little house which he had
“ fitted up for himself : he relied upon her
“ virtue with the most absolute confidence in
“ the world.”—“ He had reason, no doubt :
“ and I beg you, Sir, to respect my mother’s
“ memory.”—“ Your mother ! your mother
“ was a woman. Would you have had some
“ being made on purpose ? I have seen
“ enough of them ; but I know none but
“ my termagant that is truly faithful ; and
“ what is still more, it is I that made her
“ so. I rendered her virtuous in spite of her
“ teeth ; but I have not been able to root out
“ those seeds of coquetry which nature or
“ example plants in them almost at their
“ birth. I would lay a wager that she is even
“ capable of attempting to seduce you, for
“ the sake of the pleasure of laughing at you.
“ You would not be the first whom she has
“ reduced to despair. She used to amuse
“ herself formerly at this pretty little diver-
“ sion, and then she has given me accounts
“ of it, at which she laughed, as if she
“ had been mad. By good luck she grows
“ older, and the danger is no longer so
“ great.”

Alcidonis’s thoughts were taken up a considerable part of the night with what he had heard. “ The women here,” said he, “ are

"very terrible then!" And he went to sleep with a resolution of avoiding them.

The fairy Galante appeared to him in a dream, and said, "Nothing is so much like
"man as woman. All the good, all the evil,
"that is said of them, is true in particular,
"but false in general. One should neither
"trust in every one, nor distrust every one.
"Live with the women, but resign yourself
"to them only at times. I have not given
"you a determined character, that you may
"be more flexible to theirs. A precise man is
"an unsociable man. You will be charming,
"if they cry, *We do whatever we please with*
"*him*. But it is not enough to please; one
"must know likewise how to love, and to
"love neither too much nor too little. There
"are three-sorts of love, passion, liking, and
"fancy. All the art of being happy consists
"in the proper disposition of these three shades.
"For this purpose, here are four phials, which
"you alone shall use. They are as different
"in their virtues, as colours. You are to
"drink out of the purple phial, in order to
"be in love to distraction; out of the rose-
"coloured one, to skim the surface of senti-
"ment and pleasure; out of the blue one, to
"taste of it without uneasiness and intoxi-
"cation; and out of the white one, to come
"to

"to yourself again." At these words the fairy vanished like a vapour.

Alcidonis awakes quite ravished with so charming a dream. But what was his surprise, at finding in reality the four phials at his elbow! "As for the trial," said he, "I shall make it at my leisure." He gets up full of gratitude to the fairy, and the same day revisits Seliana. She was alone. "You have seen my husband?" says she. "Has not he been declaiming against gallantry?"—"Violently."—"He has told you a thousand frightful stories of the women?"—"He has."—"I hope he excepted me."—"Only in the article of fidelity."—"Poor man!"—"He is persuaded that you are faithful to him; but he says that you are only the more dangerous on that account, and that you divert yourself most cruelly with those who have the misfortune to fall in love with you."—"Ah! how he abuses me! He would richly deserve But hold, I must have some respect to myself."—"Your virtue, he says, is of his own forming; and it is he that has made you honest."—"He!"—"Yes, He; and in spite of your teeth."—"in spite of my teeth! Upon my word! See whether he can make me virtuous in spite

"spite of my teeth!"—"I must own, that
"in your place And I should be
"glad too to revenge his insult to my mother."
"ther."—"Your mother!"—"Yes; he
"dared to tell me that my father was a fool,
"and that there is no man in the world but
"himself who is not so."—"Poor man!
"he has great reason to brag truly! But,
"once more, I must respect myself. No,
"Sir, I am no coquette; and since he obliges
"me to justify myself, I have a heart as
"tender, and more tender, than another."—
"And what use do you make of that heart?"
—"Alas, no use at all; but you may easily
"believe that it is not for his sweet looks
"that I keep it. I am prudent for my own
"sake, that I may not expose myself to
"the caprice, inconstancy, and ingratitude
"of men. I feel that if I loved, I should
"love passionately, and I should wish to be
"passionately beloved."—"Ah! and so
"you shall."—"I dare not flatter myself
"with that: nothing is weaker, vainer,
"and more inconstant, than the love of
"your sex. They have their likings, their
"fancies; but the passion of love, that
"intoxication which is its greatest charm,
"and its only excuse, they are quite unacquainted with."—"For my part, Madam,
"I know very well how to acquire that love
"which

"which you deserve; and were I sure of a return, I should take a good dose of it!" Seliana smiled at Alcidonis's simplicity (for the fairy had given him that unaffected air, that ingenuous manner, which coquettes are so fond of). "No," said she, "people are not inflamed all at once; and how can we possibly be in love? We do not know each other yet."—"At your own time, Madam; I am in no hurry. To-morrow we shall know each other better."—"I shall see you to-morrow then!"—"Yes, Madam."—"After dinner, do you hear? For I would spare you the disagreeable circumstance of finding my husband at home. We shall be alone, and at liberty, and I shall talk reason to you."

Alcidonis repaired to the appointment, with his phials in his pocket. Seliana received him in the most tempting dishabille, "See there," said Alcidonis, on seeing her, "the privilege of beauty: the less ornament, the more charms." Seliana affected to blush. "Do you know," said she, "that this pretended simplicity of yours makes you dangerous? One might be taken by it, and be deceived."—"I deceive you, Madam! I never deceived any body."—"And you would begin with me?"

“me?” — “No, I swear.” — “Why then
“this flattering discourse, those tender looks?”
— “You are handsome; I have eyes; I
“speak what I see: there is no flattery in
“that.” — “Why, indeed your tranquillity
“makes it evident that you have no design
“to seduce me.” — “Nay, nay, if you would
“but have it so, that tranquillity should
“soon vanish.” — “Oh, to be sure! and
“to be all on fire, you only wait for my
“consent, is it not so?” — “Nothing else;
“you need only say the word.” — “Indeed
“you are very fine, with that air of yours,
“so cold and so determined.” — “It is be-
“cause I am certain of what I do.” — “What
“if I should oblige you to show some desire
“of being loved?” — “You may do it to
“any degree you please, I assure you.” —
“I see, Alcidenis, that you don’t know what
“you promise, and what I might demand.”
— “Demand, Madam, demand; my heart
“defies you. I will love you as much as
“you please.” — “You will love me then,
“if I please, to distraction?” — “To di-
“straction; it is all the same to me.” —
“His simplicity charms me. Very well
“then, I would have you vastly in love
“with me.” — “Passionately?” — “Passion-
“ately.” — “And you will love me in
“like

"like manner?"—"I believe so."—"That is not enough."—"Well, I am sure of it,"—"That is sufficient: now you shall see fine sport."—"Where are you going?"—"Your's; allow me but one minute."

The credulous Alcidonis, having retired into a corner, drank up the elixir in the purple phial, to the very last drop. He appears again, his eyes enflamed, his heart beating, and his voice almost extinct. The more foolery, the more gallantry: his language was rapid, broken, full of matter and warmth. Words were not sufficient to declare his sentiments, Inarticulate accents supplied the place of speech; a vehement gesture, an impetuous action redoubled their energy, This pathetic eloquence put Seliana quite beside herself. She is moved, agitated, lost: she hardly knows him again, and can scarce conceive so wonderful a change. She would seem to doubt, to fear, to hesitate still: vain efforts! Her heart relents, her eyes brighten, her reason fails; and one would have thought, the very moment after, that she also had drank of the same phial.

Two months passed away in transports which they found it difficult to confine within any bounds. The husband was perpetually rallying Alcidonis on his assiduities to his wife. "Poor dupe," said he to him, "you would
" not

“not believe me. You are caught; I am
“glad of it. Throw yourself away in dangling
“after her: you have a fine time of it!” Alcidonis took the best revenge he could for this insulting irony. But his passion was no longer seconded: Seliana’s grew every day weaker and weaker. Seliana sufficed him: but he was no longer able to suffice Seliana. She wanted dissipation, diversion, and to return to the world, which she had forgot. Alcidonis was hurt, and saw with concern that she amused herself with every thing, while he was taken up with nothing but her. He became pensive, uneasy, and jealous; and went so far, that she was offended, and resolved to dismiss him.

“It is true,” said she to him, “I have
“loved you: I was mad. I am now come
“to my senses again; do you do so too.
“We are no where enjoined to carry on love,
“even to decay. Every thing has an end,
“even love itself. Mine is enfeebled: you
“have chid me for it. It is become extinct;
“you distract yourself about it. So much
“the worse for you: but I cannot help it.”—
“How! perfidious! ungrateful! perjured
“woman!”—“Go on; vent your reproaches,
“if that will comfort you.”—“Ah! just
“heaven! how I am treated!”—“Like a
“child, in whom we pardon every thing.”—
“Are

"Are these, perfidious woman, the oaths
"that you have sworn a hundred times, to
"love me to the last gasp?"—"Rash oaths,
"which bind us to nothing; mad, whoever
"makes them; mad, whoever trusts them.
"Would you believe any one who, on sitting
"down to table, should swear by all the gods
"that he would always have the same sto-
"mach?"—"The same stomach! What
"an image! Is this your boasted delicacy?"
—"Another piece of folly. We disavow the
"empire of the senses, at the very instant
"we are their slaves. I am a woman, I love
"like a woman, and you ought not to have
"expected that Nature should work a mi-
"racle in your favour." Alcidonis, at these
words, tore his hair with despair. "Very
"fine!" pursued she, "what is that for?
"Will you be more amiable, or better be-
"loved, when you are bald? Hark ye, Alci-
"donis! I have still a compassionate friend-
"ship for you."—"Ah! cruel woman!
"is it friendship or compassion that I require
"of you?"—"You must really bring your-
"self to that: I feel nothing more for you.
"Which of the two is to blame, the party
"who ceases to love, or that which ceases
"to be agreeable? The question is not yet,
"nor will soon be determined. In the mean
"time, be advised, and take your resolution
"with

"with courage." — "It is taken, ungrateful woman, it is taken," said he, withdrawing to drink; and I need not say, that he had recourse to the white phial.

On a sudden his senses were all calm, and his reason returned. "Indeed," said he, returning to Seliana with an easy and sedate air, "I was a fool to make myself uneasy. "We have been lovers; now we are friends. "All this must happen in life. Passion is a "fever: when it is over, there is an end of "the matter. We are not obliged to see "one another any longer than is agreeable, "and nothing is more natural than to "change when we are tired. You loved me "as long as you were able. It would have "been ridiculous to pique yourself on a "constancy that was painful! Enjoy, Madam, the right your beauty gives you of "multiplying your conquests. I am too "happy in having been of the number. "Every man in his turn, and I wish you "much entertainment."

Seliana was as much surprised as piqued at this coldness. She wished, indeed, that he should console himself, but neither so soon, nor so easily. So sudden a change was inconceivable. On reflection she was persuaded, that this apparent tranquillity was only a pretended disgust; and she failed not

to

to tell some of her she-friends, that the poor boy was mad with despair, that he had put her into a terrible fright, and that she had all the difficulty in the world to prevent him from committing violence on himself. The day following, Alcidonis went to sup at the voluptuous Alcipe's, with some of the youngest and handsomest women in Athens. "All one to me," said he to himself: "the purple phial is dry; and it would be to no purpose for the fairy to replenish it, for may I die if I would taste a single drop of it." As soon as he saw all those beauties, "Ah! now let us trifle for once: this is the moment for whim and frolick." He drinks of the rose-coloured phial, and immediately his eyes and desires wander without fixing.

Chance seated him at table next to a fair beauty, with languishing looks, and an extreme modesty and timidity, with which he was sensibly touched: but he had on the other side of him a *brunette*, dazzling the beholders with her freshness and vivacity. He had a great mind to the latter, yet was deeply smitten with the former; and on further consideration would have preferred the fair beauty, had it not been for a certain *je-ne-scai-quoi* which inclined him to the brown. This *je-ne-scai-quoi* determined his choice. He showed her all the assiduities of a warm gallantry;

lantry ; which she received with an air of inattention, as an homage that was due to her. Alcidonis was piqued at it. Whim, as well as passion, is irritated by obstacles. Excited by the desire of pleasing, he formed all the delight of the entertainment. Corinna, his charming *brunette*, saw that the ladies envied her her conquest. She at length perceived the value of it, and some looks of complaisency infused hope into the heart of her new lover.

The hour of parting now arrived. Corinna rises, he follows. " You will attend me then ?" said she to him, receiving the offer of his hand. " I am sensible of all the sacrifices you make me." He swore that he made her none.—" Pardon me : I carry you away from the handsomest women in Athens ; and that is no mean triumph."—" I did but just look at them : but they appeared to me pretty well."—" Pretty well ! Your commendations are very sparing indeed ! Will you only call Cleonida *pretty well* ? Those large eyes, and regular features, that majestic figure . . . one would take her for a goddess."—" True, the stately Juno."—" You wicked d—l ! and Amate, what d'ye think of her ? That air of voluptuousness, that attracting negligence, which seems to invite pleasure."—" Right ;
" the

“the picture of opportunity neglected.”—
“Neglected! a cruel phrase, I will not
“repeat it; it would pass into a proverb. I
“hope at least that you will show some favour
“to the ingenious and timid air of Cephisa.
“That lively complexion, that tender look,
“that mouth which is afraid to smile, and
“yet when it smiles is so beautiful: what say
“you to her?”—“That she wants nothing
“but a soul.”—“And you would be glad to
“give her your’s?”—“I confess, that if
“it had not been for yourself she should have
“had the apple.”—“Alas! and what would
“she have done with it? Nothing is more
“cold, more indolent, more insensible than
“Cephisa.”—“And therefore she had only
“my first glance.”—“Yet I caught you,
“when supper was almost over, with your
“eyes fixed upon her.”—“True, I admired
“her as I would a fine model in wax.”—
“Right, a fine model if you please: but the
“general opinion is, that this model stands
“in great need of drapery.”

While they thus ran over the objects of
Corinna’s jealousy, they arrived at her house.
“Will you walk up for a moment?” said
she to Alcidonis: “it is early: we will have
“a little chat.” Alcidonis was transported.
The fairy, who had made him so censorious
with Corinna, knew what she was doing.
The

The most flattering compliment to a handsome woman, is the abuse of her rivals : and this she had taken well at his hands.

“ I long,” pursued Corinna, “ to know, “ in my turn, the good and ill you think of “ me.” — “ The ill ! alas, if you have any, “ have you given me time, or occasion to find “ it out ? You are surrounded with illusion. “ That lustre, that sparkling vivacity, would “ conceal deformity itself : I should have “ taken it for beauty. I see you, I am daz- “ zled, intoxicated, transported : this is my “ case. ’Tis an infatuation, a madness, “ whatever you please ; but nothing in the “ world is truer : and you can make me, by “ a single word, the happiest, or most miser- “ able of men.” — “ Madness indeed !” cried she, seeing him at her knees : “ you see me “ by chance, you love me, if one may believe “ it, and dare confess it to me ! Do you know “ whether I merit this ? Do you know whether “ I can make any return to it ?” — “ No, “ Madam, I know nothing. You are perhaps “ the most cruel of women, the most incon- “ stant, the most perfidious. That fine per- “ son, those charming features, may conceal “ an insensible soul. I fear it, yet I will run “ the hazard of it ; and though the danger “ were as great again, it is not in my power “ to

“to avoid it.”—“Ah! I perceive plainly
“by these strokes the truth of your general
“character. You, Alcidonis, that are the
“most dangerous of men, and the person
“whom of all mankind I should most dread
“to love.” — “Why so? What have you
“heard of me?” — “That you are one who
“love passionately: and a man who loves
“passionately is insupportable: that you
“abandon yourself distractedly: that you love
“like a madman, and want to be loved in the
“same manner. If we do not love as pas-
“sionately as yourself, then come nothing
“but complaints and reproaches. You be-
“come sulky, uneasy, and jealous. There
“is no knowing how to quit you, and no
“possibility of keeping you.” — “It is true,
“Madam, that I have given into these absur-
“dities; but I am now thoroughly cured.
“You may take me with safety; and I will
“sign my discharge before-hand.” — “Do not
“imagine, Sir, that I am jesting with you:
“what but liberty, forms the charms of love!
“Without these a lover becomes a husband,
“and indeed it would be no misfortune to
“become a widow.” — “I understand rea-
“son, my beautiful Corinna, and you may
“depend upon me.” — “You would give
“your word of honour then to a woman,

“who should entertain a weakness for you,
“to retire without making a bustle, as soon
“as she should have told you as a friend,
“I have loved you, but now I love you no
“longer?”—“To be sure: I have learned to
“live, and you need only try me.”—“Well,
“I will then; but remember, that I engage
“myself to love you no longer than you shall
“be agreeable.”

“I see plainly,” said Alcidonis within him-
“self, “that here the white phial will be of
“great service to me.” He was mistaken: he
had no occasion for it: the impression of the
rose-coloured one very soon vanished of itself.
He was yet at Corrinna’s, and yet the idea of
the other beauties he had seen at Alcipe’s
presented itself to his imagination.—
“Such a one is lively,” says he, “but that
“is all; no sentiment, no delicacy. That
“other changes her lovers, as she does her
“clothes. To-morrow I should be dismissed,
“if to-morrow any other amuses her. I
“should have a fine time of it to throw away
“my sighs on her! I should have done much
“better to have bestowed them on that lan-
“guishing *fair* beauty, whose eyes were raised
“towards me in so tender, so affecting a
“manner. Corinna speaks ill of Cephisa, and
“therefore Cephisa must have merit. She is
“not very animated; but what a pleasure it
“would

"would be to animate her! A woman naturally lively is so to all the world; but such a one would be so to me alone. Come, let me go and see her; besides, I should not care to be dismissed. Corinna shall find that I am not one of those who are to be dropped as she pleases, and that I know how to give a dismissal full as well as herself."

He repeats to Cephisa the same things that he said to Corinna, but with more discretion. "Is it possible?" cried she, without any emotion. "What! you would be unhappy, if I were not to love you?"—"More unhappy than I can express."—"I am sorry for it, for I don't know how to love."—"Oh! my beautiful Cephisa, with that enchanting smile, that tender look, that voice which goes to the very soul, you don't know how to love!"—"No, indeed."—"But if I should teach you how?"—"You would do me great pleasure, for I am very curious. But so many have attempted it, and not one has succeeded. My husband himself would lose all his labour."—"Your husband! I believe it; but have you had lovers?"—"Many, and those some of the handsomest and most tender."—"And did you make them happy?"—"No; for they

"all complained that I did not love them.
"It was not my fault; I did all in my power.
"Only think, I used now and then to take
"four at a time, in order to endeavour,
"among the number, to love at least one or
"two: yet all to no purpose."

"This," said Alcidonis, is a very rare
"instance of ingenuity; but let us not be
"discouraged, my dear; you will love me."

—"Do you think so?"—"I do think so:
"you have sensibility?"—"Yes, at times,
"here and there; but it passes away in a mo-
"ment."—"This is certainly a disease. Have
"you, in order for your cure, offered up any
"sacrifices to Venus?"—"My husband has
"offered up a great many; but he always
"found me the same at his return from the
"temple."—"And why did he not carry
"you there!"—"He took care not to do
"that: the priest was young, and wanted to
"initiate me."—"Initiate you! And do you
"know what that means?"—"Alas, not
"I; I know nothing of it."—"Shall I
"show you?" resumed Alcidonis, taking some
"little liberties with her."—"Softly, Sir, cried
"she, "you act as if I loved you; I am not in
"love with you yet."—"How should you
"know that, unless we make some experi-
"ments?"—"I have made a thousand;
"but

“but all that proves nothing. At first I think
“I love, and then I think I do not. It is
“better to wait ’till it comes; and if it comes,
“I will tell you.”

Alcidonis, from day to day, made some new progress on the indolent sensibility of Cephisa; but she was not yet come to the pitch that he wanted to bring her to. In order to heat her imagination, he proposed to meet her at a feast which was to be celebrated in honour of Venus. She consented, on condition that she should not be initiated. The day after, each of them, out of decency, repaired separately to their quarter. The girls and the boys, arrayed like the Graces and the Loves, sung hymns in honour of the goddess, and danced to the sound of the lyre, beneath the shade of a sacred grove that surrounded the temple.

Cephisa got there first. “Ah!” said she to Alcidonis, “I was looking for you; I
“have good news to tell you. The goddess
“has anticipated our vows: I think I now
“begin to love you in good earnest. This
“very night I have seen you in my sleep.
“You was pressing; I was animated.”—
“Well!”—“Well, I will tell you the
“rest at supper.” “At supper?” replied Alcidonis, with an indifferent air, and his eyes fixed on the feast: “At supper let it be, with

"all my heart. What a beautiful dancing girl is there! how charmingly that woman sings!"—"We shall be alone, do you hear?"—"Alone! very well. I should be glad to know who that handsome dancer is?"—"Alcidonis, you do not hear me!"—"Pardon me, I do hear you: but I am looking out for somebody who may tell me"—"Oh! Pamphilus, one word. Tell me, who is that beautiful dancer?" "It is Chloe," says Pamphilus. "I am to sup with her."—"This evening?"—"This very evening."—"I should be glad to make one."—"That cannot be."—"I beseech you, my dear Pamphilus, by our friendship."—"You do not consider, Alcidonis," whispered the disordered Cephis: "you are to sup with me; I told you so."—"True, I intended it; but I have promised my friend Pamphilus. My word is sacred, and I cannot break it."

He saw Chloe, found her adorable, as it is called, for a quarter of an hour, and insipid the moment after. He saw Phillira the singer: he was smitten with her for an evening; and the next day tired of her. "Alas! how fatiguing are whimsies! says he: every instant new desires, without satisfaction. It is the torment of the Danaides. Away with these transitory beams of sentiment
" which

"which revive so fast, and leave me no repose: let me drink oblivion to my follies." He said, and emptied the white phial. He had now none left but the blue; and his happiness depended on the use he should make of it.

Alcidonis studied philosophy under Aristus the academician. Aristus dying, left behind him a young widow, one of the most virtuous and beautiful women in the world. The disciple of Aristus thought it his duty to give the widow all the consolation and assistance of friendship. Glycerium refused his offers with a modesty mingled with sweetness and pride. "I have little wealth," said she, "and less desires. My husband has left me a most valuable inheritance, a relish for the golden mean, and the habit of living upon little." So much prudence united to so much beauty deserved a delicate and lasting attachment. "It is time," said Alcidonis, "that I should drink out of the blue phial."

A soft and lively warmth diffuses itself through all his veins; not the restlessness of whim; not the transport of passion; but a delightful emotion, the presage of happiness. He burns to belong to Glycerium; he burns to have henceforth but one fortune with her, one life, and one soul; and giving way to his impatience, he proposes marriage to her.

Glycerium was not insensible to this mark of love and esteem. "You are generous enough," said she, "to offer me your hand. I will deserve it by refusing it. I should be unworthy of it, if I accepted it." It was in vain that he urged his father's consent, that he made it a crime in her to refuse him, that he menaced her with the reproaches she would throw out against herself, for having made him unhappy; she appeared immovable.

Glycerium, however, in her retirement, wept without ceasing. The only slave she had left saw the grief that consumed her, but was not able to penetrate the cause. Should he attribute it to the death of her husband? What! lament, without ceasing, a philosophical husband! That was not natural. His mistress often writ to a citizen of Argos; and the answers he returned her forced deep sighs from her. Curiosity or zeal induced the slave to open one of Glycerium's letters. It was conceived in these terms:

"If you have not a heart of brass, you will be touched, my Lord, with the despair of an unfortunate woman, who would give her life for the liberty of her father. Aristus, my husband, to whom I was not ashamed to confess that I was born of a slave,

“ slave, spared no pains to restore my father
“ to my wishes. He caused him to be sought
“ after in vain. I learn at last that he is in
“ your power, and I learn it in indigence.
“ I have made an estimate of every thing
“ that I have left ; but, alas ! I am far from
“ being able to raise what you demand : so
“ that the only resource now left me, is, to
“ offer myself in exchange for my father. It
“ is not just that I should be free, while my
“ father is a slave. I am young ; he is borne
“ down by years. You may derive more
“ advantage from my servitude than from his.
“ My hands will inure themselves to labour ;
“ my heart is prepared for patience. Were I
“ inclined to avail myself of the easy means
“ which those of my age have in their power
“ to seduce and interest the men, I shall not
“ be reduced to this cruel extremity ; but
“ slavery is less shameful than vice, and I
“ make my choice without hesitation.”

The slave, struck with admiration and pity,
carried this letter to Alcidonis. “ Ah ! ”
cried he, his heart overcome, and his eyes
swimming with tears, “ here then is the cause
“ of her refusal. She was born a slave ! What
“ signifies that ? Virtue is the empress of the
“ whole world. Fortune only should be
“ ashamed. What piety ! what tenderness !
“ You, Glycerium, you in slavery ! Why

“ have I not a throne to offer you ! I conjure
“ thee by the gods,” said he to the slave,
“ keep this a secret. I will go. The tears
“ of thy mistress shall soon be wiped away,
“ and thy zeal shall have its reward.”

Alcidonis repairs to Argos, and Glycerium’s father is set free. The unknown stranger, who procured him his liberty, gives him wherewith to defray his expences to Athens, and says to him at parting, “ You are now going to see
“ Glycerium ; you owe your liberty to her
“ tenderness and virtue. It is in her power
“ to be happy, and to render you so : and if
“ the service I have just now done you be
“ dear to you, promise me to engage this
“ virtuous daughter of your’s to conceal her
“ birth and your misfortunes from the eyes
“ of the man who demands her in marriage.
“ I know his respect for her is so great, that
“ it would shock him to see her blush.
“ Wherefore, if your benefactor ever appears
“ before you, suppress your gratitude ; for he
“ would be known by you alone.” “ What !”
said the old man, melting into tears, “ shall my
“ daughter never know the hand that has
“ broken my chains ?” “ No,” replied Alcidonis, “ overwhelm not Glycerium with
“ this load of humiliation. It is one of those
“ duties that debase the soul. Leave to her’s,
“ I conjure you, its nobleness and freedom.”

The

The old man promised his deliverer to comply.

On his arrival at Athens, his daughter fainted away at the sight of him. "Oh! my father," said she to him, "what god grants you to my tears? Has then your master's avarice at length relented?" "Yes, my daughter," replied the old man. "I know that I owe to your tenderness my life, and the happiness of coming to die in your arms."

Alcidonis, at his return, came to press Glycerium by all the tenderness of love to consent to their marriage. The old man had not been wanting to exhort his daughter to silence on the humbleness of their former condition. "No," replied she to him with spirit, "it is less humiliating, to confess, than to be silent: they whom it shall concern to know me, shall learn from myself who I am."

"You chuse then," said she to Alcidonis, "that I should open my soul to you? While I was unhappy, I concealed my grief; but you deserve to partake of my joy. Know that my destiny decreed me to be born in servitude. I was emancipated; but my father still groaned under it. Some propitious deity restored him to me; he is free; he is here; you shall see him. How-
G 6 " ever,

"ever, the blot of our servitude is not to be effaced; and to confess to you who we are, is to declare irrevocably; that neither your honour, nor my gratitude, will permit me to listen to your offers."

"You do me injustice, Glycerium," said Alcidonis, with an air of tenderness mingled with reproach. "Do you think me less a philosopher, or less generous, than Aristus? Did you conceal from him the misfortune of your birth? No, certainly. Did not he despise the injustice of fortune and opinion? I am his disciple: his precepts are engraved in my heart. Is it reproachful to follow his example? Or do you imagine that I have not virtue enough to imitate him?" "It is not virtue," said she to him, smiling, "but prudence, that you want. Aristus had had time to try himself. You are not, like him, of an age at which we can answer for ourselves; and I would save you the bitterness of repentance."

Alcidonis, grieved at her invincible constancy, fell at Glycerium's feet, in order to move her by pity. In that moment appears the old man, whom he had delivered from slavery. "What do I see? Ah! daughter," cried he, "it is he..." and then all of a sudden calling to mind Alcidonis's prohibition;

he

he stoꝓt short, and remained with his eyes fixed on his deliverer, as it were inadvertently letting fall tears. "What! my father." said Glycerium astonished, "you know him then? It is he, you say! make an end. What has he done? Where have you known him? Alcidonis, you look down! you blush! My father views you with the most melting tenderness!—Ah! I understand you both. My father, it is he that redeemed you; it is to him that I owe my father."—"Yes, my daughter, there is my benefactor." "Is this," said Alcidonis, embracing the old man, who threw himself at his feet, "is this what you promised me?" "Pardon me," said the old man, "my heart was touched; my daughter has guessed my secret; it is not my fault."—"Well then, since she knows all, oblige this cruel daughter not to drive me to despair, It is her hand, her heart, that I ask as the price of the happiness I restore to her." The old man, struck to the heart, warmly reproached his daughter for a piece of ingratitude of which she was not guilty; and taking her trembling hand, put it into that of his deliverer. "It is to your father that I owe it, that I owe this hand which you refused me," said Alcidonis to her tenderly, and kissing her hand. "Console yourself," replied Glycerium, with a smile,

smile, "you owe him only my hand; my heart surrendered of itself."

Alcidonis, transported, employed the remainder of the day in preparing to set out on the morrow for Megara. That night, while he enjoyed a gentle slumber, the fairy Galante appeared to him again, and said, "Be happy, Alcidonis; love without uneasiness; possess without disgust: desire in order to enjoy; make others jealous, but never be so yourself. It is not advice that I now give you; it is your destiny that I unfold. You have drunk at the spring of perfect happiness. I distribute with a lavish hand the purple and rose-coloured phials; but the blue bottle is a gift which I reserve for my favourites."



LAUSUS



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LAUSUS





Sharp sculp.

LAUSUS & LYDIA.

LAUSUS and LYDIA.

Lausus Equum Domitor, Debellatorque Ferarum.

VIRG. ÆN. vii.

THE character of Mezentius, king of Tyrrhene, is well known. A bad prince and a good father, cruel and tender by turns. He had nothing of the tyrant, nothing that showed violence, as long as his desires knew no obstacle; but the calm of this haughty soul was the repose of a lion.

Mezentius had a son named Lausus, whose valour and beauty rendered him famous among the young heroes of Italy. Lausus had attended Mezentius in the war against the king of Præneste. His father, at the very summit of joy, saw him, covered with blood, fighting and vanquishing by his side. The king of Præneste driven out of his territories, and seeking safety in flight, had left in the hands of the conqueror a treasure more precious than his crown, a princess at that age wherein the heart has only the virtues of nature, and nature has all the charms of innocence and beauty. Every thing that the

Graces

Graces in tears possess, either noble or affecting, was painted in Lydia's countenance. In her grief, courage and dignity, one might discover the daughter of kings amidst the croud of slaves. She received the first compliments of her enemies without haughtiness, without acknowledgment, as an homage due to her rank, the noble sentiments of which were not weakened by ill fortune.

She heard her father named, and at that name lifted up to heaven her fine eyes filled with tears. All hearts were moved. Mezentius himself, astonished, forgot his pride and age. Prosperity, which hardens weak souls, softens proud hearts, and nothing can be gentler than an hero after a victory.

If the savage heart of old Mezentius was not able to resist the charms of his captive, what was the impression on the virtuous soul of young Lausus! He mourned over his exploits; he reproached himself with his victory: it cost Lydia tears. "Let her avenge herself," said he, "let her hate me as much as I love her; I have deserved it but too much." But an idea still more distressful presents itself to his imagination: he sees Mezentius, astonished, softened, pass on a sudden from rage to clemency. He judged rightly that humanity alone had not effected this revolution; and the fear
of

of having his father for a rival completed his confusion.

At the age of Mezentius jealousy follows closely upon love. The tyrant observed the eyes of Lausus with an uneasy attention : he saw extinguished in them, all at once, that joy and ardour which had lighted up the face of the young hero on his first victory. He saw him disturbed : he caught some looks which it was but too easy to understand. From that instant he considered himself as betrayed ; but nature interposed, and suspended his rage. A tyrant even in his fury constrains himself to think that he is just ; and before he condemned his son, Mezentius laboured to convict him.

He began by dissembling his own passion with so much art, that the prince looked on his former fears as vain, and considered the attentions of love as nothing more than the effects of clemency. At first he affected to allow Lydia all the appearances of liberty : but the tyrant's court was full of spies and informers, the usual retinue of men of power, who, not being able to make themselves beloved, place their greatness in being feared.

His son was no longer afraid of paying Lydia a respectful homage. He mingled with his sentiments an interest so delicate and tender, that Lydia very soon began to reproach herself

herself for the hatred which she thought she entertained for the blood of her enemy; while Lausus lamented that he had contributed to Lydia's misfortunes. He called the gods to witness that he would do all in his power to repair them. "The king, my father," says he, "is as generous after victory, as untractable before battle; satisfied with victory, he is incapable of oppression. It is easier than ever for the king of Præneste to engage him to a peace that shall be glorious to both. That peace will dry up your tears, beautiful Lydia; but will it efface the remembrance of their crime who caused you to shed them? Why did I not see all my blood flow rather than those tears!"

Lydia's replies, which were full of modesty and greatness, betrayed to Lausus no warmer emotion than that of gratitude; though at the bottom of her heart she was but too sensible of the care he took to console her. She sometimes blushed for having listened to him with complaisance; but her father's interests made it a law to her to avail herself of such a support.

In the mean time their conferences growing more frequent, became also more animated, more interesting, more intimate; and love made its way insensibly through respect
and

and gratitude, as a flower, which, in order to blow, opens the slight texture in which it is enfolded.

Deceived more and more by the feigned tranquillity of Mezentius, the credulous Lausus flattered himself, that he should very soon see his duty accord with his inclination; and nothing in the world, in his opinion, was easier than to reconcile them. The treaty of peace which he had meditated, was reduced to two articles; to restore to the king of Præneste, his crown, and his territories; and to make his marriage with the princess the band of union between the two powers. He communicated this project to Lydia. The confidence he placed in it, the advantages he saw accruing from it, the transports of joy which the idea alone inspired him with, surprised the lovely captive into a smile, mingled with tears. "Generous prince," says she to him, "may heaven fulfill the wishes you pour out for my father! I shall not be sorry that I am made the pledge of peace, and the token of gratitude." This touching reply was accompanied with a look still more touching. The tyrant was informed of all. His first transport would have hurried him to sacrifice his rival; but this son was the only support of his crown, the only barrier between the people and him: the same stroke would have rendered

dered him completely odious to his subjects, and have taken from him the only defender, whom he could oppose to the publick hatred. Fear is the ruling passion of tyrants. Mezentius resolves to dissemble. He orders his son into his presence, talks to him with good-humour, and bids him prepare to set out the next day for the frontiers of his territories, where he had left his army. The prince endeavoured to conceal the grief which wrung his soul, and set out without having time to take leave of Lydia.

The very day of Lausus' departure, Mezentius had caused honourable conditions of peace to be proposed to the king of Præneste, the first article of which was his marriage with the daughter of the vanquished monarch. That unfortunate monarch hesitated not to consent, and the same ambassador that offered him peace brought back his agreement for an answer.

Lausus had in the court a friend, who had been attached to him from his infancy. A remarkable resemblance to the young prince had been the means of making the fortune of this young man, who was called Phanor: but they resembled each other still more in their disposition than their figure; the same inclinations, the same virtues: Lausus and Phanor seemed

seemed to have but one soul. Lausus at parting had confided to Phanor his passion and his despair. The latter was therefore inconsolable on hearing of the marriage of Lydia with Mezentius. He thought it his duty to acquaint the prince with it. The situation of the lover at this news cannot be described; his heart is troubled, his reason forsakes him; and in the distraction of a blind sorrow he writes to Lydia the warmest and most imprudent letter that love ever dictated. Phanor was charged with the delivery of it. He went to her at the hazard of his life, if he should be discovered. He was so. Mezentius, enraged, orders him to be loaded with irons, and dragged to a frightful prison.

However, every thing was prepared for the celebration of this unhappy marriage. We may justly conclude that the feast was suitable to the character of Mezentius. Wrestling, the cestus, gladiatours, combats between men and animals bred up to carnage, every thing that barbarity has invented for its amusements, was to have graced the pomp: nothing was wanting to this bloody spectacle, but persons to fight against the wild beasts; for it was customary to expose to these fights none but criminals condemned to die, and Mezentius, who on any suspicion was always eager to put the innocent to death, retarded still less the

the punishment of the guilty. There remained in the prisons none but the faithful friend of Lausus. "Let him be exposed," said Mezentius; "let him fall a prey to devouring lions: the traitor deserves a more cruel death; but this best suits his crime and my vengeance, and his punishment is a feast worthy of injured love."

Lausus having in vain expected the answer of his friend; impatience gave way to affright. "Should we be discovered!" says he, "should I have lost my friend by my fatal imprudence! Lydia herself . . . Ah! I tremble. No, I cannot live any longer in this dreadful uncertainty." He sets out; he disguises himself carefully; he arrives: he hears the reports spread among the people: he learns that his friend is in chains, and that the next day is to unite Lydia with Mezentius: he learns that they are preparing the feast which is to precede the marriage-festival, and that, by way of show at this festival, they are to see the unhappy Phanor a prey to wild beasts. He shrinks at this recital; a deadly chillness spreads through all his veins: he comes again to himself; but lost in distraction, he falls on his knees, and cries out, "Great Gods, restrain my hand, my despair terrifies me: let me die to save my friend; but let me die with virtue!" Resolved to deliver his dear Phanor, though he should perish

perish in his stead, he flies to the gates of the prison: but how is he to enter there? He addresses himself to the slave, whose office it was to carry food to the prisoners. "Open your eyes," said he, "and know me: I am Lausus, I am the son of the king. I expect an important service from you: Phanor is confined here: I will see him, I will, I have but one way to come at him: give me your clothes: fly! There are the pledges of my acknowledgement: withdraw yourself from the vengeance of my father. If you betray me, you rush on your ruin, if you assist me in my undertaking, my favour shall you find in the very heart of the deserts."

The weak and timorous slave yields to his promises and threats. He assists the prince in disguising himself, and disappears, after having told him the hour at which he was to present himself, and the conduct he was to observe in order to deceive the vigilance of the guards. Night approaches, the moment arrives, Lausus presents himself: he assumes the name of the slave; the bolts of the dungeon open with a dismal sound. By the feeble glimmering of a torch, he penetrates into this mansion of horror, he advances, he listens; the accents of a moaning voice strike his ear, he knows it to be the voice of his friend, he sees him lying
down

down in a corner of the cell, covered with rags, consumed with weakness, the paleness of death on his countenance, and the fire of despair in his eyes. "Leave me," said Phanor to him, taking him for the slave; "away with these odious nourishments; suffer me to die. Alas!" added he, sending forth cries interrupted by sighs, "alas! my dear Lausus is still more unhappy than I. O, ye gods! if he know the state to which he has reduced his friend!" Yes," cried Lausus, throwing himself on his bosom, "yes, my dear Phanor, he does know it; and he partakes of it." "What do I see," cried Phanor transported: "Ah, Lausus! ah, my prince!" At these words both of them lose the use of their senses; their arms are locked in each other, their hearts meet, their sighs are intermingled. They remain for a long time mute and immoveable, stretched out on the floor of the dungeon; grief stifles their voice, and they answer each other only by embracing more closely, and bathing one another with their tears. Lausus at last coming to himself, "Let us not lose time," said he to his friend; take these clothes, get hence, and leave me here,"—"What I, great gods! can I be so vile? Ah, Lausus, could you believe it? Ought you to propose it to me?" "I know you well," said the prince;

prince; "but you should also know me.

"The sentence is pronounced, your punishment is prepared, you must die or fly."—

"Fly!"—"Hear me; my father is violent,

"but he is not without sensibility; nature as-

"serts her right over his heart: if I deliver

"you from death, I have only to melt him to

"compassion for myself; and his arm, when

"lifted up against a son, will be easily dis-

"armed." "He would strike," said Phanor,

"and your death would be my crime; I can-

"not abandon you." "Well then," said

Lausus, "remain here; but at your death

"you shall see mine also. Depend not on my

"father's clemency; it would be in vain for

"him to pardon me; think not that I would

"pardon myself. This hand, which wrote

"the fatal billet that condemns you, this

"hand, which, even after its crime, is still the

"hand of your friend, shall reunite us in

"your own despite." In vain would Pha-

nor have insisted. "Let us argue no longer,"

interrupted Lausus; "you can say no-

"thing to me that can equal the shame of

"surviving my friend, after I have destroyed

"him. Your pressing earnestness makes

"me blush, and your prayers are an af-

"front. I will answer for my own safety,

"if you will fly: I swear to die, if you will

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H

"stay

“ stay and perish. Choose: the moments now
“ are precious.”

Phanor knew his friend too well to pretend to shake his resolution. “ I consent,” says he, “ to let you try the only means of safety that is left us; but live, if you would have me live: your scaffold shall be mine.” “ I readily believe it,” said Lausus, “ and your friend esteems you too much to desire you to survive him.” At these words they embraced, and Phanor went out of the dungeon in the habit of the slave, which Lausus had just thrown off.

What a night! what a dreadful night for Lydia! Alas! how shall we paint the emotions that arise in her soul, that divide, that tear it, between love and virtue? She adores Lausus, she detests Mezentius, she sacrifices herself to her father’s interests, she delivers herself up to the object of her hatred, she tears herself for ever from the wishes of an adored lover. They lead her to the altar as it were to punishment. Barbarous Mezentius! thou art content to reign over the heart by violence and fear; it suffices thee that thy consort trembles before thee, as a slave before his master. Such is love in the heart of a tyrant.

Yet, alas! it is for him alone that she is hereafter to live; it is to him that she is going
to

to be united. If she resists, she must betray her lover and her father: a refusal will discover the secret of her soul; and if Lausus is suspected to be dear to her, he is undone.

It was in this cruel agitation that Lydia waited the day. The terrible day arrives. Lydia, dismayed and trembling, sees herself decked out, not as a bride to be presented at the altars of Love and Hymen, but as one of those innocent victims which a barbarous piety crowned with flowers before it sacrificed them.

They lead her to the place where the spectacle is to be exhibited, the people assemble there in multitudes, the sports begin. I shall not stop to describe the engagements at the cestus, at wrestling, at the sword; a more dreadful object engages our attention.

An enormous lion advances. At first, with a calm pride, he traverses the arena, throwing his dreadful looks round the amphitheatre that environs him: a confused murmur announces the terror that he inspires. In a short time the sound of the clarions animate him; he replies by his roarings; his shaggy mane is erected around his monstrous head; he lashes his loins with his tail, and the fire begins to issue from his sparkling eye-balls. The affrighted populace wish and dread to see

the wretch appear, who is to be delivered up to the rage of this monster. Terror and pity seize on every breast.

The combatant, whom Mezentius's guards themselves had taken for Phanor, presents himself. Lydia could not distinguish him. The horror with which she is seized had obliged her to turn away her eyes from this spectacle, which shocks the sensibility of her tender soul. Alas! what would she feel, if she knew that Phanor, that the dear friend of Lausus, is the criminal whom they have devoted; if she knew that Lausus himself had taken his friend's place, and that it is he that is going to fight?

Half naked, his hair dishevelled, he walks with an intrepid step: a poniard for the attack, a buckler for defence, are the only arms by which he is protected. Mezentius, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty Phanor. His own blood is dumb, Nature is blind; it is his own son whom he delivers up to death, and his bowels are not moved; resentment and revenge stifle every other sentiment. He sees with a barbarous joy the fury of the lion rising by degrees. Lausus, impatient, provokes the monster, and urges him to the combat. He advances towards him, the lion springs forward. Lausus avoids him. Thrice the enraged animal makes towards him with
his

his foaming jaws, and thrice Lausus escapes his murderous fangs.

In the mean time Phanor learns what is doing. He runs up, and bears down the multitude before him, while his piercing cries make the amphitheatre resound. "Stop, Mezentius! save your son: it is he; it is Lausus that is engaged." Mezentius looks and knows Phanor, who hastens towards him: "O ye Gods! what do I see! My people, assist me; throw yourselves on the arena, ravish my son from the jaws of death." At the name of Lausus, Lydia falls down dead on the steps of the amphitheatre; her heart is chilled, her eyes are covered with darkness. Mezentius sees only his son, who is now in inevitable danger: a thousand hands arm in vain for his defence; the monster pursues him, and would have devoured him, before they could have arrived to his assistance. But, O! incredible wonder! O unlooked-for happiness! Lausus, while he eludes the bounds of the furious animal, strikes him a mortal blow, and the sword, with which he is armed, is drawn reeking from the lion's heart. He falls, and swims in seas of blood, vomited through his foaming jaws. The universal alarm now changes into triumph, and the people reply to Mezentius's doleful cries only by shouts of admiration and joy. These shouts recal Lydia to life;

she opens her eyes : and sees Lausus at Mezentius's feet, holding in one hand the bloody dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful Phanor. " It is I," said he to his father, " it is I alone who am culpable. Phanor's crime was mine : it was my duty to expiate it. I forced him to resign his place : and was about to kill myself, if he refused. I live, I owe that life to him ; and if your son be still dear to you, you owe your son to him : but if your vengeance is not appeased, our days are in your hands : strike ; we will perish together ; our hearts have sworn it." Lydia, trembling at this discourse, viewed Mezentius with suppliant eyes, overflowing with tears. The tyrant's cruelty could not withstand this trial. The cries of nature and the voice of remorse put to silence jealousy and revenge. He remains for a long time immoveable, and dumb, rolling by turns, on the objects that surround him, looks of trouble and confusion, in which love, hatred, indignation and pity, combat and succeed each other. All tremble around the tyrant. Lausus, Phanor, Lydia, a multitude innumerable, wait with terror the first words that he is to pronounce. He submits at last, in spite of himself, to that virtue whose ascendancy overpowers him ; and passing of a sudden, with impetuous violence, from rage to tender-





W. Sharp sculp.

BY GOOD-LUCK.

tenderness, he throws himself into his son's arms. "Yes," says he, "I pardon thee, and I pardon also thy friend. Live, love one another: but there remains one sacrifice more for me to make thee, and thou has just now rendered thyself worthy of it. Receive it then," said he with a new effort, "receive this hand, the gift of which is dearer to thee than life: it is thy valour which has forced it from me: it is that alone could have obtained it."

BY GOOD LUCK.

"No, Madam," said the Abbé de Châteauneuf to the old Marchioness of Lisban, "I cannot believe that what is called virtue in a woman, is so rare as is said: and I would lay a wager, without going farther, that you yourself have never been guilty of one indiscretion."—"Upon my word, my dear Abbé, I could almost say, like Agnes, *do not lay*."—"Should I lose?"—"No, you would win; but by so little, so very little,

“tle, that to say the truth, it is not worth boasting of.”—“That is to say, your prudence has ran some risks.”—“Alas, yes! I have seen it more than once on the point of being shipwrecked. *By good luck* you behold it in port.”—“Ah, Madam, trust me with the recital of your adventures.”—“With all my heart. We are arrived at an age wherein we have no longer any thing to dissemble, and my youth is now so long past, that I may speak of it as of a gay dream.

“If you recollect the Marquis of Lisban, he was one of those insipid fine figures, which say to you, *Here am I!* He was one of those aukward pieces of vanity which always miss their aim. He valued himself on every thing, and was good at nothing: he took the lead in conversation, demanded silence, suspended the attention, and then brought out the flattest speech in the world. He laughed before he told a story, but no one else laughed at his stories; he often aimed at being refined, and gave such fine turns to what he said, that at last he did not know what he was saying: when he had given ladies the vapours, he thought he had made them pensive: when they were diverting themselves with his follies, he took it for coquetry,”—“Ah, Madam, what a happy temper!—“Our first interviews
“were

“ were filled with the recital of his intrigues.
“ I began by listening to him with impatience ;
“ I ended by hearing him with disgust : I even
“ took the liberty of declaring to my parents
“ that the creature tired me to death. They
“ replied, that I was a simpleton, for that a
“ husband was formed to do so : I married
“ him. They made me promise to love him
“ alone : my mouth said *Yes*, my heart said
“ *No*, and my heart kept its promise. The
“ Count of Palmene presented himself before
“ me with all the graces of mind and figure.
“ My husband, who introduced him, did
“ the honours of my modesty : he replied to
“ the handsome things the Count said on his
“ happiness, with an air of superiority that
“ made me mad. If you would believe him,
“ I loved him to distraction ; and this declara-
“ tion was succeeded by all that indiscreet dis-
“ closure of secrets, no less shocking to truth
“ than decorum, while vanity abuses the
“ silence of modesty. I was not able to con-
“ tain myself ; I quitted the room, and Pal-
“ mene could perceive by my disgust, that
“ the Marquis imposed upon him. “ The im-
“ pertinent creature,” said I to myself : “ he
“ goes on boasting of his triumphs, because
“ he is persuaded I shall not have the cou-
“ rage to contradict him. They will believe
“ him, they will suppose me tasteless enough

“ to love the silliest and vainest man in the
“ world. If he had spoke of an honest at-
“ tachment to my duty, I could have borne
“ it; but to talk of love! of a weakness for
“ him! this is enough to bring a disgrace
“ on me. No, I would not have it said in
“ the world, that I am fond of my husband :
“ It is of the highest consequence that I
“ should undeceive Palmene; and with him
“ I ought to begin.”

“ My husband, who congratulated him-
“ self on having put me out of countenance,
“ did not discover, any better than myself,
“ the true cause of my confusion and anger.
“ He valued himself too much, and loved me
“ too little, to condescend to be jealous. “ You
“ have behaved like a child,” said he to me
“ when the Count was gone : “ I can tell you,
“ however, that he thinks you charming.
“ Yet do not listen too much to him, he is a
“ dangerous man.” I felt it much better than
“ he could tell me.

“ Next day the Count de Palmene came
“ to see me; he found me alone. “ Do you
“ forgive me, Madam,” said he, “ for the
“ confusion I saw you in yesterday? I was
“ the innocent cause of it, but I could freely
“ have dispensed with the Marquis’s making
“ me his confident.” “ I know not,” said
“ I to him, looking down, “ why he takes so
“ much

7 " much pleasure in relating what it gives me
" so much pain to hear."—" When we are
" so happy, Madam, we are very pardonable
" in being indiscreet."—" If he is happy, I
" congratulate him ; but indeed he has no
" reason."—" What ! can he be otherwise,"
replied the Count with a sigh, " when he
" possesses the most beautiful woman in the
" world ?—" Suppose, Sir, suppose for once
" that I am so ; where is the glory, the me-
" rit, the happiness of possessing me ? Did
" I dispose of myself ?—"—" No, Madam,
" but if I may believe him, you soon ap-
" plauded the choice they had made for you."
" What ! Sir ! will the men never consider
" that they train us up to dissimulation from our
" infancy ; that we lose our frankness with our
" liberty ; and that it is no longer the time to
" require of us to be sincere, when they have
" imposed it as a duty on us to be other-
" wise ?" Here I was a little too much so my-
" self, and perceived it too late : hope had
" now insinuated itself into the Count's soul.
" To confess that one does not love one's hus-
" band, is almost to confess that we love
" another, and the person who is made the
" confident of such confession, is very often
" the object of it.

" These ideas had plunged the Count into
" a pleasing reverie. " You have dissembled

" then

“then mighty well,” said he, after a long silence; “for the Marquis has told me astonishing things of your mutual love.”—
“Very well, Sir; let him flatter himself as much as he pleases: I shall not try to undeceive him.”—“But for yourself, Madam, ought you to be unhappy?”—“I do my duty, I submit to my destiny: question me no more about it; and above all make no ill use of the secret which the imprudence of my husband, my own natural sincerity, and my impatience have forced from me.”—
“I! Madam, may I die sooner than be unworthy your confidence. But I would enjoy it alone, and without reserve; look upon me as a friend who shares all your disquiets, and in whose breast you may safely deposit them.”

“This name of *friend* infused into my heart a perfidious tranquillity: I no longer mistrusted either myself or him. A friend of twenty-four hours, of the Count’s age and figure, appeared to me the most reasonable, as well as the most decent thing in the world; and a husband such as mine, the thing of all the world the most ridiculous and most afflicting.

“The latter obtained no longer, from the duty I owed him, any more than a few cold civilities, of which, however, he had still
“the

“ the folly to pride himself ; and was always
“ mentioning them in confidence to Palmene,
“ and at the same time exaggerating their
“ value. The Count knew not what to think
“ of it. “ Why deceive me ? ” said he some-
times. “ Why disown a commendable sen-
“ sibility ? Are you ashamed to contradict
“ yourself ? ” — “ Alas ! No, Sir, I could
“ glory in it ; but I am not happy enough to
“ have occasion to retract.”

“ At these words my eyes were filled with
“ tears. Palmene was melted by them. What
“ did he not say to me to soften my sorrows !
“ What pleasure did I take in hearing him !
“ O, my dear Abbé ! the dangerous com-
“ forter ! He assumed from that moment an
“ absolute empire over my soul, and of all
“ my thoughts my love for him was the only
“ one I concealed from him. He had never
“ spoke to me of his own passion but under
“ the title of friendship ; but making an ill
“ use at last of the ascendant he had over me,
“ he writ to me as follows : ‘ I have de-
‘ ceived myself, and imposed upon you : that
‘ friendship, so calm and so sweet, to which I
‘ resigned myself without fear, is become
‘ love, the most violent, the most passionate
‘ that ever existed. I shall see you this even-
‘ ing, to devote my life to you, or to bid
‘ you an eternal farewell.’

“ I shall

“ I shall not explain to you, my dear Abbé,
“ the different emotions that arose in my soul :
“ all I know is, that virtue, love, and fear,
“ strove there together ; but I remember too
“ that joy had its part. I endeavoured how-
“ ever, to prepare myself for making a good
“ defence. First, I thought I would not be
“ alone, and I will go and tell them to let in
“ all the world. Secondly, I resolved I
“ would look at him but very slightly,
“ without giving his eyes an opportunity
“ to fix themselves for one moment on mine.
“ This effort will cost me dear ; but virtue
“ is not virtue for nothing. In short, I
“ will avoid giving him an opportunity of
“ speaking to me in particular : and, if he
“ should dare to attempt it, I will answer him
“ in a tone, in such a tone as shall deceive
“ him.

“ My resolution being taken, I sat down
“ to my toilette, and, without intending it,
“ dressed myself that day with more grace and
“ elegance than ever. In the evening a pro-
“ digious deal of company came to see me,
“ and this company put me out of humour.
“ my husband also, more earnest and assi-
“ duous than usual, as if he had done it on
“ purpose, harassed me almost to death. At
“ length they announced Palmene. He blush-
“ ed, he paid his respects to me : I received
“ him

“ him with a profound curtesy, without deign-
“ ing to raise my eyes towards him, and said
“ to myself, “ Well, this is very fine ! ” —
“ The conversation at first was general : Pal-
“ mene let drop some words, which, to the
“ rest of the company, carried very little
“ meaning, but signified a great deal to me.
“ I pretended not to understand them, and
“ applauded myself in my own mind for so
“ well-supported a rigour. Palmene had not
“ the courage to approach me : my husband
“ forced him to it by his familiar pleasantries.
“ The Count’s respect and timidity softened
“ me. “ The poor wretch,” said I, “ is more
“ to be pitied than blamed ; if he dared, he
“ would ask pardon of me ; but he will never
“ have the courage. I will cheer him by a
“ look.” “ I have been guilty of an indis-
“ cretion, Madam,” said he to me : “ do
“ you pardon me for it ? ” — “ No, Sir.”
“ This *No*, pronounced I know not how,
“ appeared to me very great. Palmene got
“ up, as it were to go : my husband retained
“ him by force. Word was brought that
“ supper was on table. “ Come, my dear
“ Count, be gallant ; give my wife your
“ hand : she seems to me to be rather in ill-
“ humour ; but we shall contrive to drive it
“ away.”

“ Palmene

“ Palmene in despair, squeezed my hand ;
“ I looked at him, and thought I saw in his
“ eyes the image of love and grief, I was
“ touched with it, my dear Abbé ; and by a
“ movement, which proceeded from my heart,
“ my hand replied to his. I cannot describe
“ to you the change which appeared all of a
“ sudden on his countenance. It sparkled
“ with joy, and that joy diffused itself into
“ the souls of all the company. Love, and
“ the desire of pleasing, seemed to animate
them all, as well as himself.

“ The discourse turned upon gallantry. My
“ husband, who thought himself an Ovid in
“ the art of love, delivered a thousand im-
“ pertinencies on the subject. The Count,
“ in his answers, endeavoured to soften them
“ with a delicacy and ingenuity that quite
“ charmed me. *By good luck*, a young fop,
“ who had seated himself by me, took it into
“ his head to say handsome things to me. *By*
“ *good luck* also I paid some attention to him,
“ and answered him with an air of satisfaction.
“ The amiable Palmene now changed of a
“ sudden both his language and temper. The
“ conversation had passed from love to co-
“ quetry. The Count inveighed against that
“ general desire of pleasing, with a warmth
“ and gravity that astonished me. “ I for-
“ give,” said he, “ a woman for changing
“ her

" her lover ; I can even pardon her having
" several ; all this is natural : it is not her
" fault if they cannot fix her : at least, if she
" seeks to captivate only those she loves, and
" whom she makes happy, and if she contri-
" butes at one time to the happiness of two or
" three, it is only a blessing multiplied. But
" a coquette is a tyrant that wants to enslave
" all, merely for the pleasure of having slaves.
" Idolatress of herself, she cares for nobody
" else : her pride makes a sport of our weak-
" ness, and a triumph of our torments : her
" looks are false, her mouth deceitful, her
" language and her behaviour are only a
" series of snares, her graces so many Syrens,
" her charms so many poisons."

" This declamation astonished all present.
" What ! Sir," said the young gentleman to
" him, who had talked to me, " do you prefer
" a woman of gallantry to a coquette !"—
" Yes, without doubt do I, and it is beyond
" all dispute." " Such a one is more con-
" venient," said I to him ironically. " And
" more estimable, Madam," replied he with
" an air of chagrin, " more estimable a thou-
" sand times." I confess that I was piqued
" at this insult. " Come, Sir," replied I
" with disdain, " it is to no purpose that
" you reproach us, as with a crime, of one
" of the most innocent and most natural plea-
" sures

“sures in the world; your opinion will not
“be a law. The coquettes, you say, are
“tyrants: you are a much greater tyrant
“yourself, for wanting to deprive us of the
“only advantage that nature has given us.
“If we must give up the desire of pleasing,
“what have we left in society? Talents,
“genius, the striking virtues, all these you
“have, or think you have: it is permitted a
“woman only to attempt to be amiable; and
“yet you most cruelly condemn her never to
“wish to be so, except to one man. This is
“to bury her alive amidst the living; this is to
“render the whole world nothing to her.”
“Ah! Madam,” said the Count to me in a
“pet, “you are in the way of the world! Indeed I could not have believed it.” “You
“are wrong, my dear,” replied my husband,
“you are wrong: my wife would please every
“body, but desires to make none happy but
“me. That is cruel, I confess, and I have
“told her so a hundred times; but it is her
“foible: so much the worse for the dupes.
“Besides, why take so seriously what is but
“a jest? If she takes a pleasure in hearing
“herself called handsome, must she for that
“reason reply in the same strain? She loves
“me, that is plain; but you, and as many
“others as amuse her, ye have no pretensions
“to her heart. She keeps that for me, and
“I defy

“ I defy any body to rob me of it.” “ You shut my mouth,” said Palmene, “ the moment you cite your lady for an example, and I have nothing to say in reply.” At these words they went out from table.

“ I conceived from that instant, I will not say an aversion for the Count, but a dread which almost comes up to it. “ What a strange man !” said I to myself ; “ what an imperious disposition ! He would make a woman miserable.” After supper he fell into a sullen silence, from which nothing could rouse him. At last, finding me for a moment alone, “ Do you really think as you spoke ?” demanded he with the air of a severe judge—“ Certainly.”—“ Enough : you shall never see me more as long as I live.”

“ *By good luck* he kept his word with me, and I perceived, by the chagrin which this rupture gave me, all the danger I had run. “ See,” said the Abbé, moralising very gravely, “ what one moment of ill humour produces. A trifle becomes a serious affair ; we are exasperated, humbled, love is terrified and flies.”

“ The character of the Chevalier de Luzel,” resumed the Marchioness, “ was quite the reverse of that of the Count de Palmene.”—“ This gentleman, Madam, was without doubt the person who was so sweet upon
“ you

“you during supper?—“ Yes, my dear
“ Abbé, the same. He was beautiful as
“ Narcissus, and he loved himself no less : he
“ had vivacity, and a gentility in his under-
“ standing, but not the shadow of common
“ sense.

“ Ah ! Marchioness,” said he to me, “ this
“ Palmene of your’s is a melancholy creature !
“ What do you do with the man ! He talks,
“ he moralises, he overwhelms us with his
“ arguments. For my own part, I know but
“ two things : to amuse myself, and to be
“ amusing to others : I know the world I
“ live in, I see what passes there ; I see that
“ the greatest of evils that afflict mankind is
“ dullness. Now this dullness proceeds from
“ an evenness in the temper, a constancy in
“ our connexions, a solidity in our tastes, a
“ monotony, in short, which gives a sleepi-
“ ness even to pleasure itself ; while levity,
“ caprice, coquetry, keep it awake. Besides,
“ I love coquets to distraction : coquetry is
“ the charm of society. Besides, sensible
“ women are tiresome in the long-run. It is
“ a good thing to have somebody with whom
“ you may unbend.” “ With me,” said I to
“ him smiling, “ you may unbend as much
“ as you please.”—“ And that now is what I
“ want, what I seek in a coquette ; to op-
“ pose, to resist, to defend herself, if possible.
“ Yes,

"Yes, Madam, I would fly you, if I thought you capable of a serious attachment." "Madam," replied the Abbé gravely, "this young fop was a dangerous person."—"I assure you, my good friend, he was, and I was not long before I perceived it. I treated him at first as a child, and this ascendancy of my understanding over his could not but be very flattering at my time of life; but he might be taken from me by somebody. I began to grow uneasy at it. His absence put me out of humour, his connexions raised my jealousy. I demanded sacrifices, and wanted to impose laws.

"Well now," said he to me one day when I was reproaching him for his dissipation, "would you work a little miracle? Make me discreet at once: I ask nothing better." I understood very well, that to make him discreet, there was a necessity for ceasing to be so myself. I asked him, however, on what this little miracle depended. "On a trifle," said he: "we seem to me to love one another already; the rest is easily imagined."—"If we love one another, as you say, but which I do not believe, the miracle would be already performed: love alone would have rendered you discreet."—"Oh! no, Madam, we must be just: I willingly abandon all other hearts for your's; win

“ win or lose, it is the chance of the game,
“ and I wish to run the hazard of it; but
“ yet there is an exchange to make, and you
“ cannot in conscience desire that I should re-
“ nounce all pleasure for nothing.” “ Ma-
“ dam,” interrupted the Abbé, “ the Chevalier
“ was not so void of sense as you say, and
“ here he reasoned pretty well.” “ I was
“ astonished,” said the Marchioness; “ but
“ the more I perceived he was in the right,
“ the more I endeavoured to persuade him
“ that he was wrong. I even told him, as
“ far as I can remember, some of the finest
“ things in the world on honour, duty, and
“ conjugal fidelity: but he paid no regard to
“ them; he pretended that honour was only a
“ decorum, marriage a ceremony, and the
“ oath of fidelity a compliment, a piece of
“ politeness, which in reality bound us to no-
“ thing. So much was said on one side and
“ the other, that we began to lose ourselves
“ in our ideas, when on a sudden my hus-
“ band arrived.”

“ *By good luck, Madam!*”—Oh! by
“ great good luck, I confess: never did
“ husband come more opportunely. We
“ were confused; my blushes would have be-
“ trayed me, and, for want of time to re-
“ collect myself, I said to the Chevalier, *Hide*
“ *yourself*. He retired into the closet of my
“ dressing-room.”—“ A dangerous retreat,
“ Madam!”

“Madam!” — “It was so; but this closet had a back-door, and I was easy about the Chevalier’s escape.” “Madam,” said the Abbé, with his air of reflection, “I would lay a wager that the Chevalier is still in the closet.” “Patience, replied the Marchioness, we are not come to the unravelling of the plot. My husband accosted me with that air of self-content which appeared always on his countenance; and I, in order to conceal my embarrassment from him, ran up hastily to embrace him with an exclamation of surprise and joy. “So, you little fool,” said he to me, “there now I suppose you are pleased! you see me again. I am very good to come and pass the evening with this poor thing. You are not ashamed then to love your husband? But do you know that it is ridiculous, and that they say that they must bury us together, or that I must be banished from you; that you are good for nothing, ever since you have been my wife; that you drive all your lovers into despair, and that you ought to be punished for it!” — “I, Sir! I drive nobody into despair.—Do not you know me? I am one of the best-natured women in the world.” — “What an air of simplicity! One would believe it. Thus, for example, Palmene ought to take
“ it

“it for granted that you have not played the
“coquette with him: the Chevalier ought to
“be content that you prefer your husband to
“him; and what a husband too! A dull,
“insipid fellow, who has not even common
“sense: is it not so? What a contrast to an
“elegant Chevalier!”—“Indeed I form no
“comparison between you.”—“The Che-
“valier has wit, vivacity, and grace. How
“do I know but he has the gift of tears also?
“Has he never wept at your knees?—You
“blush! That is almost a confession. Out
“with it, tell me.” “Have done,” said I to
“him, “or I’ll leave the room.”—“What!
“do not you see that I am joking?”—“Such
“joking would deserve” “How now!
“what, angry! You threaten me too! You
“may, but I shall not be at all alarmed.”
—“You take advantage of my virtue.”—
“Of your virtue? Oh, not at all: I depend
“only on my own planet, which will not
“suffer me to be made a fool of!”—“And
“you trust to your planet?”—“I trust so
“strongly in it, I depend so thoroughly upon
“it, that I defy you to counteract it. Hark
“ye, child, I have known women without
“number; and not one, whatever I did,
“could bring herself to be untrue to me.
“Ah! I may say without vanity, that when
“they love me, they love me heartily.
“Not

“Not that I am better than any other: I do
“not flatter myself so far as that; but there is
“a certain *je-ne-sçai-quoi*, as Moliere says,
“which cannot be explained.” At these
“words, surveying himself with his eyes, he
“walked before a glass. “You see too,”
“continued he, “how little restraint I put
“upon you. For example, to night have
“you any appointment, any *tête-à-tête*? I
“take my leave. It is merely on a supposi-
“tion that you are disengaged, that I come
“to pass the evening with you.” “How-
“ever that be,” said I to him, “you had bet-
“ter stay,”—“For the greater surety, is it
“not so?”—“Perhaps so.”—“I thank you:
“I see I must sup with you.” “Sup then
“quickly,” interrupted the Abbè, “the Mar-
“quis makes me impatient: I am in pain till
“you get up from the table, till you are retired
“into your own apartment, and your husband
“leaves you there.”—“Well, my dear Abbè,
“behold me there, in the most cruel anxiety
“I ever experienced in my life. My soul
“struggling (I blush at it yet) between fear
“and desire, I advance with a trembling pace
“towards the closet of my dressing-room,
“to see at last if my fears have any founda-
“tion: I perceive nobody there, I think him
“gone, this perfidious Chevalier; but, *by good*
“*luck*, I hear somebody speaking in a low
VOL. I. I “voice

“voice in the next room: I draw near, I
“listen: it was Luzel himself, with the
“youngest of my women. “It is true,” said
“he, “I came here with a design upon the
“Marchioness, but chance uses me better than
“love. What a comparison! and how un-
“just is fortune! Your mistress is well enough;
“but has she that shape, that air of neatness,
“that bloom, that gentility? You are, by
“nature, a woman of quality. A woman
“must either be very modest, or very vain,
“to have an attendant of your age and
“figure! Faith, Lucy, if the Graces are
“made like you, Venus cannot shine much
“at her toilette.”—“Keep your gallantries,
“Sir, for my lady, and remember that she
“will be here presently.”—“Oh, no, she
“is with her husband; they are the best
“in the world together. I even think, God
“forgive me! that I hear them saying ten-
“der things to each other. It would be
“pleasant if he could come to pass the night
“with her. But however that be, she does
“not know that I am here, and from this
“moment I am no longer for her.”—“But,
“Sir, you do not consider; what will be-
“come of me if they should know it?”—
“Take courage, I have provided for every
“thing: if to-morrow they should see me go
“out, it is easy to give it a proper turn.”—

“But,

"But, Sir, my lady's honour . . .—" Stuff:
"your lady's honour is mightily concerned in
"it! And, after all, if they should give
"her such a man as myself, so much the better,
"that would bring her into fashion." "Oh!
"the wretch," cried the Abbé. "Judge,
"my friend," resumed the Marchioness, "my
"indignation at this discourse. I was on
"the point of bursting out upon them; but
"such a burst of passion would have ruined
"me: neither my people nor my husband
"would have been able to persuade them-
"selves that the Chevalier came there on
"Lucy's account. I resolved to dissemble:
"I rang; Lucy appeared: I had never seen
"her look so handsome before; for jealousy
"embellishes its object, when it cannot make
"it ugly. "Was that one of your master's
"servants," said I to her, "whom I just now
"heard talking with you?" "Yes, Madam,"
"replied she with confusion.—"Let him
"withdraw this instant, and do not come
"back till he is gone." I said no more; but
"whether Lucy saw through me, or fear
"determined her to send away the Chevalier,
"he retired that instant, and got out undis-
"covered. You may easily judge, my dear
"Abbé, that my door was ever after shut
"against him, and that Lucy, the next day,
"dressed my head ill, did every thing wrong.

“ was good for nothing, put me quite out of
“ patience, and was discharged.”

“ You had reason, Madam,” cried the
“ Abbé, “ to say that your virtue has ran some
“ risques.” “ This is not all,” continued she ;
“ I shall now entertain you with another ad-
“ venture. We passed the summer every year
“ at our country-house at Corbeil, where we
“ had a celebrated painter for our neighbour,
“ which inspired the Marquis with a gallant
“ notion of having my portrait and his own.
“ You know that it was his foible to believe
“ himself beloved by me. He would have us re-
“ presented in the same piece, chained together
“ by Hymen with wreaths of flowers. The
“ painter took the hint ; but being accustomed
“ to draw after Nature, he desired to have a
“ model for the figure of Hymen. In the
“ same village was at that time a young Abbé,
“ who now and then came to see us. His
“ fine eyes, his rosy mouth, his complexion
“ scarce yet shaded with the down of youth,
“ his hair of a bright flaxen colour, flowing
“ in small ringlets on a neck whiter than ivory,
“ the tender vivacity of his looks, the deli-
“ cacy and regularity of his features, every
“ thing about him seemed so formed for the
“ purpose, that the Marquis prevailed on
“ the Abbé to consent to serve as a model to
“ the painter.”

At

At this beginning, the Abbé de Chateauf-neuf redoubled his attention; but contained himself till the end, in order to hear the conclusion of the story.

“The expression to be given to the countenances,” continued the Marchioness, “produced excellent scenes between the painter and the Marquis. The more my husband endeavoured to put on an air of sensibility, the more simple he looked. The painter copied faithfully, and the Marquis was enraged at seeing himself painted to the life. For my part, I had a something of mockery in my countenance, which the painter imitated as well. The Marquis swore, the artist retouched without ceasing; but he still found on the canvas the air of a sly baggage and a fool. At last a dullness seized me: the Marquis took it for a soft languor: on his side he gave himself a foolish laugh, which he called a tender smile, and the painter came off for drawing him as he saw him. We were to proceed next to the figure of Hymen. “Come, Sir,” said the painter to the Abbé, now for the Graces, and voluptuousness! Look tenderly on the lady; still mose tenderly:” “Take her hand,” added my husband, “and imagine that you are saying to her, Fear not, my dear; these bands are made of
I 3 “flowers;

“flowers ; strong, but light. Animate your-
“self then, my dear Abbé : your counte-
“nance has no expression in it : you have the
“air of an Hymen benumbed.” The young
“man profited wonderfully by the instruc-
“tions of the painter and the Marquis. His
“timidity vanished by degrees, his mouth
“wore an amorous smile, his complexion was
“heightened with a livelier red ; his eyes
“sparkled with a gentler flame, and his hand
“pressed mine with a tremor, which myself
“only could perceive. I must tell you all ;
“the emotion of his soul passed into mine,
“and I viewed the god with much more ten-
“derness than I had done my spouse. “There!
“the very thing!” said the Marquis : “go
“on, Abbé ; admirable ! Is not it ?” said he
“to the painter. “We shall make some-
“thing of this little model. Come, wife,
“do not let us be cast down : I knew very
“well that it would be a fine piece. There,
“you are now just as I wanted : courage,
“Abbé : go on, Madam ; I leave you both
“in the right attitude. Do not change it till
“I return.” As soon as the Marquis was
“gone, my little Abbé became quite heavenly ;
“my eyes devoured his, and yet I could not
“be satisfied. The sittings were long, and
“seemed to us to last only for a moment.
“What a pity,” said the painter, “that I
“did

“ did not take my lady at such a juncture as
“ this ! There is the expression I wished for !
“ quite another countenance. Ah ! Sir, what
“ a pleasure it is to copy you ! You do not
“ flag at all : your features become more and
“ more animated. No inattention, Madam ;
“ fix your eyes on his ; my Hymen will be a
“ capital figure.” When the head of the Hy-
“ men was finished, “ I want, Madam,” said
“ he to me one day in my husband’s absence,
“ I want to retouch your portrait. Change
“ places, Abbé, and take that of the Mar-
“ quis.” “ Why so, Sir ?” said I blushing.
“ Oh ! heavens ! Madam, let me alone. I
“ know best what will set you off to ad-
“ vantage.” I understood him, and the
“ Abbé blushed at it, as well as myself.
“ The artifice of the painter had a wonder-
“ ful effect. The languour gave place
“ to the most touching expression of timid
“ voluptuousness. The Marquis, at his re-
“ turn, could not cease admiring this change,
“ which he could not comprehend. “ This
“ is very strange !” said he ; “ it looks as if
“ the picture had animated itself.” “ It
“ is the effect of my colours,” replied the
“ painter coldly, “ to display themselves
“ thus in proportion as they take place.
“ You will see it quite a different thing in
“ a short time from what it is now ?”

"But my head," resumed the Marquis, "to me does not seem to improve so."
"That is easily accounted for," replied the artist: "the lineaments are stronger, and the colours less delicate. But do not be impatient: it will become, in time, one of the finest husband's heads that ever was seen."

"When the picture was finished, the Abbé and myself fell into a profound melancholy. Those soft moments in which our souls spoke through our eyes; and shot themselves into one another, were now no more. His timidity and my modesty laid us under a cruel restraint. He no longer dared to visit us so often, and I no longer dared to invite him.

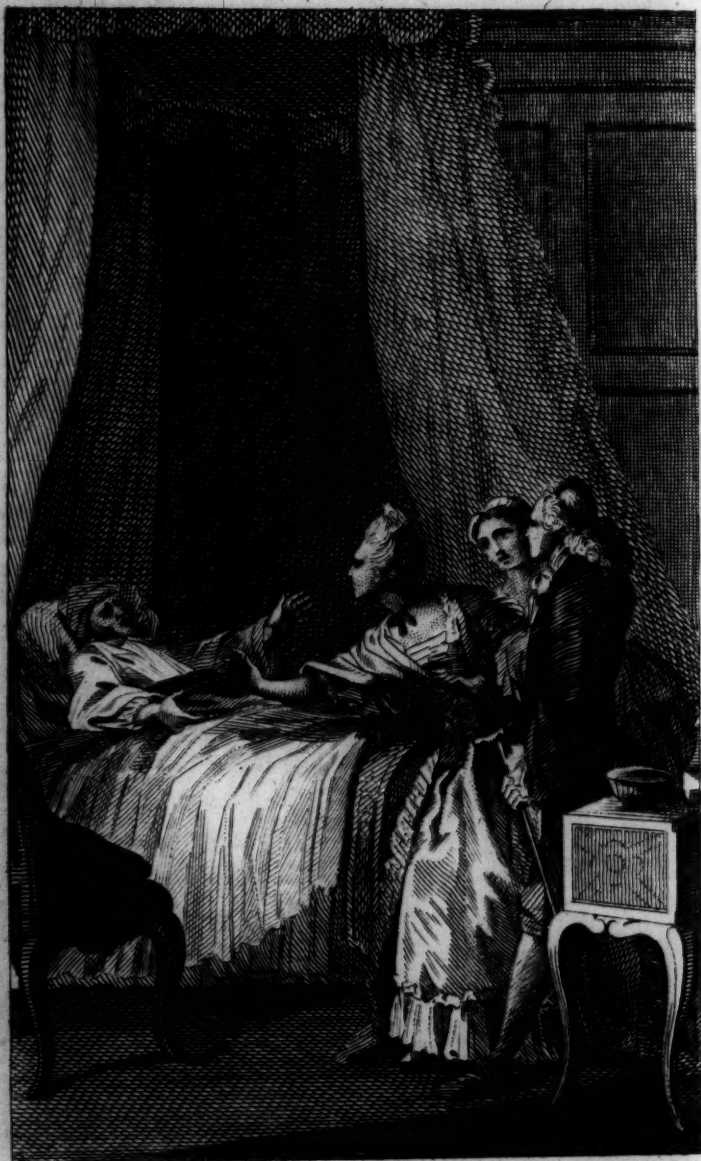
"In short, one day, when he happened to be at our house, I found him alone, motionless and pensive, before the picture. "You are well employed, Sir," said I to him. "Yes, madam," replied he briskly: "I am enjoying the only pleasure that will henceforth be permitted me: I am admiring yourself in your picture."—"You are admiring me? That is very gallant!"—"Ah! I would say more if I durst."—"Indeed? You are content?"—"Content, Madam! I am enchanted. Alas! why are you not still such as I see you in this picture!"

ture!" "It is pretty well," interrupted
"I, pretending not to understand him; "but
"your's appears to me to be better."—
"Better, Madam? Mine is as cold as ice."
—"You joke about your coldness: nothing
"in the world can be more warm."—"Ah,
"Madam! had I but been at liberty to
"suffer that emotion to display itself in my
"countenance which passed in my heart,
"you should have seen quite another thing.
"But how could I express what I felt in those
"moments? The painter, if not the Marquis,
"had his eyes continually upon me. I was
"obliged to assume a tranquil air. Would
"you see" added he, "how I should have
"viewed you, if we had been without wit-
"nesses? Give me once more that hand
"which I pressed not without trembling, and
"let us resume the same attitude. Would
"you believe it, my friend? I had the cu-
"riosity, the complaisance, and, if you please,
"the weakness, to let my hand drop into his.
"I must confess, "I never saw any thing so
"tender, so passionate, so touching, as the
"figure of my little Abbé at this dangerous
"conference. Voluptuousness smiled on his
"lips, desire sparkled in his eyes, and all the
"flowers of the spring seemed to blow on his
"beautiful cheeks. He pressed my hand
"against his heart, and I felt it beat with a
I 5 "vivacity

“vivacity that communicated itself to mine. “Yes,” said I, endeavouring to dissemble my confusion, “that would be more expressive, I confess; but it would no longer be the figure of Hymen.”—“No, Madam, no, it would be that of Love; but Hymen at your feet ought to be no other than Love himself.” At these words he seemed to forget himself, and thought himself in reality the god whose image he represented.

“*Bygoodluck* I had still strength enough left to be in a passion: the poor creature, shocked and confounded, took my emotion for anger, and lost, in asking my pardon, the most favourable moment to offend me with impunity.” “Ah! Madam,” cried the Abbé de Chateauneuf, “is it possible that I have been such a fool!” “How now?” resumed the Marchioness,—“Alas! this little fool was I!”—“You! impossible!”—“’Twas I, I myself, nothing more certain. You recall my own story to my remembrance. Cruel woman! had I known but what I know now!”—“My old friend, you would have had too great an advantage; and this prudence which you now extol so highly would have made but a feeble resistance.” “I am confounded,” cried the Abbé; “I shall
“never





W. Sharp sculp.

THE TWO UNFORTUNATES.

"never forgive myself as long as I live."
 "Console yourself, for it is time," replied the Marchioness smiling: but confess that there is a great deal of *good luck* in virtue itself, and that those ladies who have the most, ought to judge less severely of them who have not had enough."

T H E

TWO UNFORTUNATE LADIES.

IN the convent of the visitation of Cl... had for some short time retired the Marchioness of Clarence. The calm and serenity which she saw reign in this solitude did but render more lively and bitter the grief that consumed her. "How happy," said she, "are those innocent doves, which have taken their flight towards heaven! Life is to them a cloudless day; they know neither the sorrows nor pleasures of the world."

Amidst these pious maidens, whose happiness she envied, ~~not~~ only, named Lucilia, *one* seemed to her to be pensive and pining. Lucilia, still in the bloom of her youth, had that stile of beauty

beauty which is the image of a sensible heart ; but sorrow and tears had taken off its freshness, like a rose which the sun has withered, but which leaves us still capable of judging, in its languishing state, of all the beauty it had in the morning. There seems to be a dumb language between tender souls. The Marchioness read in the eyes of this afflicted fair one what nobody had discovered there before. So natural is it to the unhappy to complain, and love their partners in affliction ! She took a liking to Lucilia. Friendship, which in the world is hardly a sentiment, in the cloister is a passion. Their connection in a short time became very intimate ; but on both sides a concealed sorrow poisoned its sweetness. They were sometimes a whole hour sighing together, without presuming to ask each other the secret of their griefs. The Marchioness at last broke the silence.

“ A mutual confession,” said she, “ would spare us perhaps a great deal of uneasiness : we stifle our sighs on both sides ; ought friendship to keep any thing a secret from the breast where a mutual friendship is found ? ” At these words a modest blush animated the features of Lucilia, and the veil of her eye-lids dropped over her fine eyes. “ Ah ! why,” replied the Marchioness, “ why this blush ? Is it the effect of shame ! It is
 “ thus

“ thus that the thought of happiness ought to
“ colour beauty. Speak, my Lucilia ; pour
“ out your heart into the bosom of a friend,
“ more, without doubt, to be lamented than
“ yourself, but who would console herself for
“ her own unhappiness, if she could but soften
“ your’s.” — “ What is it you ask of me, Ma-
“ dam ? I share all your sorrows, but I have
“ none of my own to confide to you. The
“ alteration of my health is the only cause of
“ that languor into which you see me plunged.
“ I am decaying insensibly, and, thanks to
“ heaven, my end approaches.” She spoke
these last words with a smile, at which the
Marchioness was greatly affected. “ Is that
“ then,” said she, “ your only consolation ?
“ Yet, though impatient to die, you will not
“ confess to me what it is that renders life
“ odious to you. How long have you been
“ here ?” — “ Five years, Madam.” — “ Was
“ you brought hither by compulsion ?” —
“ No, Madam, by reason, by heaven, which
“ was pleased to attract my heart entirely to it-
“ self.” — “ That heart then was attached to
“ the world ?” — “ Alas ! yes, for its own pu-
“ nishment.” — “ Finish :” — “ I have told
“ you all.” — “ Were you in love, Lucilia,
“ and had the fortitude to bury yourself alive !
“ Was it some perfidious wretch whom you
“ have abandoned ?” — “ The most virtuous,
“ most

"most tender, and most valuable of man.
 "kind. Ask no more: you see the guilty
 "tears that steal from my eyes; all the wounds
 "of my heart open afresh at the thought."—
 "No, my dear Lucilia, it is not a time for us
 "now to keep any thing a secret. I would pe-
 "netrate into the inmost recesses of your soul,
 "in order to pour consolation into it: be-
 "lieve me, the poison of grief exhales not but
 "by complaints; shut up in silence, it only
 "becomes the more violent." — "You will
 "have it, Madam? Weep then over the
 "unfortunate Lucilia, weep over her life,
 "and shortly over her death."

"Scarce had I appeared in the world, when
 "this fatal beauty attracted the eyes of a fickle
 "and imprudent youth, whose homage could
 "not dazzle me. One man alone, yet in
 "the age of innocence and candour, taught
 "me that I was sensible of love. The equa-
 "lity of our years, birth, fortune, the con-
 "nexion also between our families, and, above
 "all, a mutual inclination, had united us to
 "each other. My lover lived only for me:
 "we saw with pity this immense void of the
 "world, where pleasure is only a shadow,
 "where love is but a gleam: our hearts full
 "of themselves But I lose myself. Ah!
 "Madam, what do you now oblige me to
 "call to mind!" — "What, my dear, do
 "you

“ you reproach yourself for having been just ?
“ When heaven has formed two virtuous and
“ sensible hearts, does it make it criminal in
“ them to seek each other, to attract, to cap-
“ tivate reciprocally ? If so, why has it
“ made them ? ” — “ It formed, no doubt,
“ with pleasure that heart in which mine lost
“ itself ; where virtue took place of reason,
“ and where I saw nothing that was a re-
“ proach to nature. Oh ! Madam, who was
“ ever loved like me ! Would you believe
“ that I was obliged to spare my lover’s deli-
“ cacy, even the confession of those tender
“ inquietudes which sometimes afflict love ?
“ He would have deprived himself of life,
“ if Lucilia had been jealous of it. When
“ he perceived in my eyes any mark of sor-
“ row, it was to him as if all nature had
“ been eclipsed : he supposed himself always
“ the cause, and reproached himself for all
“ my faults.

“ It is but too easy to judge to what excess
“ the most amiable of men must have been
“ loved. Interest, which dissolves all ties,
“ except those of love, interest disunited our
“ families : a fatal law-suit commenced against
“ my mother was to us the æra and source of
“ our misfortunes. The mutual hatred of
“ our friends raised itself as an eternal barrier
“ between us : we were obliged to give over
“ seeing

“ seeing each other. The letter which he
 “ wrote me will never be effaced out of my
 “ memory.

“ EVERY thing is lost to me, my dear Lu-
 “ cilia: they tear from me my only hap-
 “ piness. I am just come from throwing my-
 “ self at my father’s feet, I am just come
 “ from conjuring him, bathing him at the
 “ same time with my tears, to give over this
 “ fatal law-suit. He received me as a child.
 “ I protested to him that your fortune was
 “ sacred to me, that my own would become
 “ odious. He has treated my disinterested-
 “ ness as a folly. Mankind conceive not that
 “ there is something above riches: and yet
 “ what should I do with wealth if I lose you?
 “ They say that one day I shall be glad they
 “ did not listen to me. If I believed that
 “ age, or what they call reason, could so far
 “ debase my soul, I should cease to live from
 “ this moment, terrified at what was to come.
 “ No, my dear Lucilia, no; all I have or
 “ ask is your’s. The laws would in vain give
 “ me a part of your inheritance; my laws
 “ are in my heart, and my father there stands
 “ condemned. A thousand pardons for the
 “ uneasinesses he occasions you. Pray God
 “ that I offer up no criminal wishes! I could
 “ cut off from my own days to add to my fa-
 “ ther’s;

“ther’s; but if ever I am master of those
“riches he is now accumulating, and with
“which he would overload me in spite of
“myself, ample reparation shall be made for
“all. But yet I am deprived of you. They
“will dispose, perhaps, of the heart which
“you have given me. Ah! beware of ever
“consenting to it: think that my life is at
“stake, think that our oaths are written in
“heaven. But can you withstand the impe-
“rious will of a mother? I shudder at the
“thought: speak comfort to me, in the name
“of the most tender love.”

“You answered him, without doubt?”—
“Yes, Madam, but in very few words.

“I UPBRAID you with nothing. I am un-
“happy, but I know how to be so: learn
“from me to suffer.”

“The law-suit however was begun, and
“carried on with heat. One day, alas!
“one terrible day, while my mother was
“reading with indignation a memorial pub-
“lished against her, somebody asked to
“speak with me. “Who is it?” said she;
“let them come in.” The servant, con-
“founded, hesitates for some time, stam-
“mers in his answers, and concludes by con-
“fessing

"fessing that he was charged with a billet to
 "me. — "For my daughter! from whom?"
 "I was present; judge of my situation;
 "judge of the indignation of my mother
 "when she heard the name of the son of
 "the person whom she called her persecutor.
 "If she had vouchsafed to read the billet,
 "which she sent back without opening,
 "perhaps she had been moved by it. She
 "would have seen at least the extreme
 "purity of our sentiments; but whether
 "the vexation into which this law-suit had
 "plunged her, required only an opportu-
 "nity to vent itself, or that a secret corre-
 "spondence between her daughter and her
 "enemies was in her eyes a real crime, there
 "are no reproaches with which I was not
 "loaded. I fell down confounded at my
 "mother's feet, and submitted to the humili-
 "liation of her upbraidings, as if I had de-
 "served them. It was determined on the spot
 "that I should go and conceal in a cloister
 "what she called my shame and her own.
 "Being brought here the day after, orders
 "were given not to suffer me to see any body;
 "and I was there three whole months, as if
 "my family and the world had been entirely
 "annihilated to me. The first and only visit
 "I received was my mother's: I presaged
 "from her embraces the sentence she was
 "going

“going to pronounce. “I am ruined,” said
“she to me, as soon as we were alone: “in-
“quity has prevailed; I have lost my law-
“suit, and, with it, all means of establish-
“ing you in the world. Scarce enough re-
“mains for my son to support himself accord-
“ing to his birth. As to you, my daugh-
“ter, God has called you here; here you
“must live and die; to-morrow you take the
“veil.” At these words, which were strength-
“ened by the cold and absolute tone in which
“they were pronounced, my heart was struck,
“and my tongue frozen; my knees gave way
“beneath me, and I fell senseless on the
“ground. My mother called for assistance,
“and laid hold of that opportunity to with-
“draw herself from my tears. When I was
“come to myself again, I found myself sur-
“rounded with those pious damsels, whose
“companion I was to be, and who invited
“me to partake with them the sweet tran-
“quillity of their condition. But that state,
“so fortunate for an innocent and disengaged
“soul, presented to my eyes nothing but
“struggles, perjuries and remorse. A dread-
“ful abyss was going to be opened betwixt
“my lover and me; I found my better part
“torn from me; I saw no longer any thing
“around me but silence and vacuity; and in
“this immense solitude, in this renunciation
“of

" of all nature, I found myself in the pre-
 " sence of heaven, with my heart full of the
 " lovely object, which it was necessary I
 " should forget for its sake. These holy dam-
 " sels told me, with the strongest conviction,
 " all that they knew of the vanities of the
 " world : but it was not to the world that I
 " was attached : the most horrible desert
 " would have seemed a ravishing abode, with
 " the man whom I had left in that world
 " which to me was nothing.

" I desired to see my mother again : she
 " pretended at first to have taken my swoon-
 " ing for a natural accident. " No, Madam,
 " it is the effect of the violent situation into
 " which you have thrown me ; for it is no
 " longer time to feign. You have given me
 " life, you may take it from me ; but, Ma-
 " dam, have you conceived me, only as a
 " victim devoted to, the torment of a linger-
 " ing death ? And to whom is it you sacrifice
 " me ? Not to God. I feel that he re-
 " jects me : the Almighty demands only
 " pure victims, voluntary sacrifices ; he is
 " jealous of the offerings made him, and
 " the heart which presents itself to him
 " ought thenceforward to be his alone. —
 " If violence drags me to the altar, per-
 " jury and sacrilege attend me there." —
 " What say you, wretched girl ?" — " A ter-
 " rible

“rible truth, which despair forces from me:
“yes, Madam, my heart has given itself
“away without your consent; innocent or
“culpable, it is no longer mine: God only
“can break the band by which it is tied.”—
“Go, unworthy daughter, go and ruin your-
“self: I will never acknowledge you more.”
—“Dear mother, by your own blood, abandon
“me not; see my tears, my despair; see hell
“open at my feet.” — “Is it in this light
“then that a fatal passion makes thee view the
“asylum of honour, the tranquil port of
“innocence? What is there then but the
“world in thy eyes? Know, however, that
“this world has but one idol, interest. All
“our homages are for the successful: obli-
“vion, desertion, and contempt, are the
“portion of the unfortunate.”

“Ah! Madam, separate from that cor-
“rupt multitude the man”—“Whom
“you love, is it not so? I know all that he
“can have said to you. He is no accomplice
“in the iniquity of his father; he disclaims
“it, he complains to you of it; he will re-
“pair the injury done you. Vain promises,
“the fine speeches of a young man, which
“will be forgot to-morrow. But were he
“constant in his passion, and faithful in his
“promises, his father is young; he will
“grow old, for the wicked grow old; and
“in

"in the mean time love becomes extinct,
 "ambition prompts, duty commands; rank,
 "alliance, fortune, present themselves to him,
 "and the credulous, beguiled maid, becomes
 "the public talk. Such is the lot that
 "awaited you: your mother has preserved
 "you from it. I now cost you some tears,
 "but you will one day bless me for it. I
 "leave you, my daughter: prepare yourself
 "for the sacrifice which God requires of you.
 "The more painful this sacrifice, the more
 "worthy will it be of him."

"In a word, Madam, I was obliged to
 "resolve. I took this veil, this bandage;
 "I entered the path of penitence; and during
 "the time of probation, in which we are
 "yet free, I flattered myself with the hopes
 "of subduing myself, and attributed my irre-
 "solution and weakness solely to the fatal
 "liberty of having it in my power to return.
 "I thought the time long till I could bind
 "myself by an irrevocable oath. I took that
 "oath: I renounced the world: an easy
 "matter. But, alas! I renounced also my
 "lover, and that was more than renouncing
 "my life. On pronouncing those vows,
 "my soul fluttered on my lips, as if ready
 "to leave me. Scarce had I strength enough
 "to drag me to the foot of the altar:
 "whence they were obliged to carry me
 "away

"away as dead. My mother came to
"me transported with a cruel joy. • Par-
"don me, my God: I respect, I love her
"still; I will love her to my last gasp."
These words of Lucilia were interrupted by
sighs, and two rivulets of tears overflowed
her face.

"The sacrifice was now completed," re-
sumed she after a long silence: "I was the
"Almighty's, I was no longer my own. All
"sensual ties were now to be broken: I was
"become dead to the earth: I presumed to
"believe it. But what was my terror, on
"searching into the abyss of my own soul!
"I there still found love, but a frantick and
"criminal love, love covered with shame and
"despair, love rebelling against heaven, against
"nature, against myself; love consumed by
"regret, torn with remorse, and transformed
"into rage. "What have I done!" cried I
"to myself a thousand times; "what have I
"done! This adored man, whom I must see
"no more, presents himself to my imagination
"in all his charms." The happy knot which
"was to have made us one, all the moments
"of a delicious life, all the emotions of two
"hearts which death alone would have sepa-
"rated, presented themselves to my distracted
"soul. Ah! Madam, how grievous was the
"image! There is nothing which I have not
"done

" done in order to blot it from my memory.
 " For these five years past have I by turns
 " banished it from my sight, and seen it
 " recur without ceasing. In vain do I sink
 " myself in sleep, which only revives it in
 " my mind ; in vain do I abstract myself in
 " solitude where it awaits me ; I find it at
 " the foot of the altar, I bear it into the
 " bosom of God himself. Mean time that
 " God, who is the father of mercies, has at
 " length taken pity on me. Time, reason,
 " penance, have weakened the first shocks
 " of this criminal passion : but a painful
 " languor has succeeded. I feel myself
 " dying every moment, and the thought that
 " I am drawing near to my grave is my sole
 " consolation."

" Oh ! my dear Lucilia," cried the Mar-
 chioness, after hearing her, " which of us
 " is most to be pitied ! Love has been the
 " cause of both your misfortunes and mine :
 " but you loved the tenderest, the most
 " faithful, the most grateful of men ; and
 " I the most perfidious, the most ungrate-
 " ful, the most cruel. You devoted your-
 " self to heaven ; I delivered myself up to a
 " villain : your retreat was a triumph ; mine
 " is a reproach : people lament you, love you,
 " and respect you ; but me they revile and
 " traduce.

" Of

“ Of all lovers, the most passionate before
“ marriage was the Marquis of Clarence.
“ Young, amiable, seducing to the highest
“ degree, he promised a most happy dispo-
“ sition. He seemed to possess all the virtues,
“ as he really did all the graces. The
“ docile ease of his temper received in so
“ lively a manner the impression of virtuous
“ sentiments, that they seemed as if they
“ could never have been effaced. It was too
“ easy for him, alas! to inspire me with the
“ passion which he had himself, or at least
“ thought he had for me. All the conve-
“ niencies which make great matches, con-
“ spired with this mutual inclination, and
“ my parents, who had seen it rising in my
“ bosom consented to crown it. Two years
“ passed in the tenderest union. Oh Paris!
“ Oh theatre of vices! Oh dreadful rock of
“ love, innocence, and virtue! My hus-
“ band, who till then had been but little
“ conversant with those of his own age, and
“ that merely to amuse himself, as he said,
“ with their irregularities and follies, imbibed
“ insensibly the poison of their example.
“ The noisy preparation for their insipid
“ meetings, the mysterious confidence of their
“ adventures, the proud recitals of their
“ empty pleasures, the commendations la-
“ vished on their worthless conquests, all
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“ excited his curiosity. The sweetness of an
“ innocent and peaceful union had no longer
“ the same charms for him. I had myself no
“ other talents than those which a virtuous
“ education bestows: I perceived that he
“ required more in me. “ I am undone.”
“ said I to myself; “ my heart is no longer a
“ sufficient return for his.” Indeed his at-
“ tentions from that time were nothing more
“ than complaisance: he no longer preferred
“ those sweet conversations, those private
“ interviews so delicious to me, to the ebb
“ and flow of a tumultuous society. He
“ himself persuaded me to abandon myself to
“ dissipation, only in order to authorise him to
“ be abandoned. I became more pressing, and
“ restrained him. I took the resolution of
“ leaving him at liberty, that he might wish
“ for me, and see me again with pleasure,
“ after a comparison which I thought must
“ be to my advantage; but young corrupters
“ seized that soul, unfortunately too flexible;
“ and from the instant he had steeped his lips
“ in the poisoned cup, his intoxication was
“ without remedy, and his wandering without
“ return. I wanted to recall him; but it
“ was too late. “ You destroy yourself, my
“ dear,” said I to him; “ and though it be
“ dreadful to me to see a husband torn from
“ me who formed all my delight, yet it is
“ more

“ more for your sake than my own that I lament your error. You seek happiness where it is most assuredly not to be found. False delights, shameful pleasures, will never satisfy your soul. The art of seducing and deceiving is the whole of that worldly art that now charms you ; your wife knows it not, and you know it no better than she : that infamous school is not formed for our hearts : your’s suffers itself to be lost in its intoxication ; but it will last only for a time : the illusion will vanish like a dream ; you will return to me, and find me still the same ; an indulgent and faithful love waits your return, and all will be forgotten. You will have neither reproach nor complaint to fear from me : happy if I can console you, for all the chagrins which you may have occasioned me ! But you, who know the value of virtue, and have tasted of her charms ; you, whom vice shall have plunged from one abyss into another : you, whom it shall dismiss perhaps with contempt, to conceal at home with your wife the languishing days of a premature old age, your heart withered with sadness, your soul a prey to cruel remorse, how will you reconcile yourself to yourself ? how will you be able still to relish the pure pleasure of being beloved

" by me ? Alas ! my love itself will be your
 " punishment. The more lively also and ten-
 " der that love will be, the more humiliating
 " will it be for you. It is this, my dear Mar-
 " quis, it is this that grieves and overpowers
 " me. Cease to love me, if you please ; I
 " can forgive you, since I have ceased to be
 " agreeable ; but never render yourself un-
 " worthy of my tenderness, and contrive
 " at least not to be obliged to blush before
 " me. Would you believe it, my dear Lu-
 " cilia ? a piece of raillery was all his answer.
 " He told me that I talked like an angel,
 " and that what I had said deserved to be
 " committed to writing. But seeing my
 " eyes brimfull of tears, " Nay, do not
 " play the child," said he to me ; " I love
 " you, you know it ; suffer me to amuse
 " myself, and be assured that nothing attaches
 " me."

" However, some officious friends failed not
 " to inform me of every thing that could grieve
 " and confound me. Alas ! my husband
 " himself in a short time desisted from keeping
 " himself under any restraint, and even from
 " flattering me.

" I shall not tell you, my dear Lucilia,
 " the many marks of humiliation and disgust
 " that I endured. Your griefs, in compari-
 " son of mine, would even appear light to
 " you.

“ you. Imagine, if possible, the situation
“ of a virtuous and feeling soul, lively and
“ delicate to excess, receiving every day new
“ outrages from the only object of its affec-
“ tion; still living for him alone, when he
“ lives no longer for her, when he is not
“ ashamed to live for objects devoted to con-
“ tempt. I spare your delicacy the most
“ horrible part of this picture. Rejected,
“ abandoned, sacrificed by my husband, I
“ devoured my grief in silence; and if I af-
“ fected some profligate companies a topic
“ of ridicule, a more just and compassionate
“ public consoled me with its pity: and I
“ enjoyed the sole good which his vice
“ could not take from me, a spotless cha-
“ racter. I have since lost that, my dear
“ Lucilia. The wickedness of the women,
“ whom my example humbled, could not
“ bear to see me irreproachable. They inter-
“ preted, according to their wishes, my soli-
“ tude, and apparent tranquillity: they
“ ascribed to me as a lover the first man who
“ had the impudence to conceive that he was
“ well received by me. My husband, to
“ whom my presence was a continual reproach,
“ and who found himself not yet sufficiently
“ at liberty, in order to rid himself of my
“ importunate grief, took the first pretext
“ that was presented to him, and banished

" me to one of his country seats. Unknown
 " to the world, far from the sight of my
 " misfortunes, I at least enjoyed in solitude
 " the liberty of indulging my grief : but the
 " cruel man caused it to be notified to me,
 " that I might choose a convent ; that his seat
 " of Florival was sold, and that I must retire
 " from thence." " Florival !" interrupted
 Lucilia, in a violent emotion. " That was
 " the place of my exile," resumed the Mar-
 chioness.—" Ah ! Madam, what name have
 " you pronounced !" — " The name of my
 " husband before he acquired the marquisate
 " of Clarence." " What do I hear ! Oh,
 " heaven ! Oh, just heaven ! is it possi-
 " ble ?" cried Lucilia, throwing herself
 upon the bosom of her friend.—" What is
 " the matter ! what troubles you ! what sud-
 " den revolution ! Lucilia, recover your sen-
 " ses."—" How, Madam ! Is Florival then
 " the perfidious wretch, the villain, who be-
 " trays and dishonours you !" — " Do you
 " know him ?" — " It is the man, Madam,
 " whom I adored, whom I have mourned for
 " these five years past ; the man who would
 " have had my last sighs !" — " What say
 " you ?" — " It is he, Madam ; alas ! what
 " had been my lot !" At these words, Lu-
 cilia bowing her face to the ground, " Oh,
 " my God !" said she, " Oh, my God ! it
 " was

“ was thou who stretchedst out thine hand
“ towards me.” The Marchioness was confounded, and unable to recover from her astonishment. “ Doubt it not,” said she to Lucilla, “ the designs of heaven are visibly manifested upon us : it brings us together,
“ inspires us with a mutual confidence, and
“ opens our hearts to each other, as two sources of light and consolation. Well, my
“ worthy and tender friend, let us endeavour
“ to forget at once both our misfortunes and
“ the person who occasioned them.”

From this time the tenderness and intimacy of their friendship increased to the highest degree : their solitude had pleasures, known only to the unfortunate. But, in a little time, this calm was interrupted by the news of the danger which threatened the Marquis.— His dissipations cost him his life. At the point of death he asked for his virtuous wife. She tears herself from the arms of her forlorn companion ; hastens to him ; arrives ; and finds him expiring. “ Oh you, whom I have
“ so greatly and so cruelly injured,” said he to her on recollecting her, “ see the fruit of my
“ irregularities ; see the dreadful stroke which
“ the hand of God has inflicted upon me. —
“ If I am yet worthy of your pity, raise up to
“ heaven your innocent voice, and lay my

“remorse before it.” The distracted wife would have thrown herself on his bosom.—“Stand off,” said he, “I shudder at myself; my breath is the blast of death:” Adding, after a long silence, “Do you know me again in this state to which my crimes have reduced me? Is this that pure soul that used to mix itself with thine? Is this that half of thyself? Is this that nuptial bed that received me when worthy of thee? Perfidious friends, detestable enchantresses, come, see, and shudder. Oh, my soul! who will deliver thee from this hideous prison? Sir,” said he to his physician, “have I yet long to live? My pains are intolerable. Leave me not, my generous friend; I should fall, but for thee, into the most dreadful despair Cruel death, complete, complete the expiation of my life. There are no evils which I do not deserve; I have betrayed, dishonoured, basely persecuted innocence and virtue itself.”

The Marchioness, in the agonies of grief, made every moment new efforts to throw herself on the bed, from which they endeavoured to remove her. At last the unhappy man expired, his eyes fixed upon her, and his voice died away in asking her pardon.

The only consolation the Marchioness was capable of, arose from that religious confidence

dence with which so good a death inspired her. "He was," said she, "more weak than wicked, and more frail than culpable. The world led him astray by its pleasures. God brought him back again by afflictions. He has chastised, and pardons him. Yes, my husband, my dear Clarence," cried she, "now disencumbered of the ties of blood and the world, thou awaitest me in the bosom of thy God."

Her soul filled with these holy ideas, she went to join her friend, whom she found at the foot of the altar. Lucilia's heart was rent within her at the relation of this cruel and virtuous death. They wept together for the last time; and some time after, the Marchioness consecrated to God, with the same vows as Lucilia, that heart, those charms, those virtues, of which the world was unworthy.



ALL OR NOTHING.

AT that time of life, when it is so agreeable to be a widow, Cecilia could not help thinking of a fresh engagement. Two rivals disputed her choice. One, modest and plain, loved only her; the other, artful and vain, was above all things fond of himself. The first had the confidence of Cecilia; the second had her love. Cecilia was unjust, you will say: not at all. Plain folks neglect themselves; they think, that in order to please, it is sufficient to love with sincerity, and to convince others of their love. But there are few dispositions which do not require a little ornament. A man without art in the midst of the world is like a lady at the opera without *rouge*.

Erastus, with his usual frankness, had said to Cecilia, "I love you;" and from that time loved her as if he had breathed nothing else; his love was his life. Floricourt had rendered himself agreeable by those little galantries which have the air of pretending to nothing. Among the attentions which he paid
to

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ALL OR NOTHING.



to Cecilia, he chose, not the most passionate, but the most seducing. Nothing affected, nothing grave: he appeared so much the more amiable, as he seemed not to intend it. She pitied Erastus: did not know an honest man: it was pity that it was impossible to love him. She dreaded Floricourt: he was a dangerous creature, and would perhaps be the ruin of a woman; but how was it possible to defend one's self? However, she would not deceive Erastus. She must confess the whole to him.

"I esteem you, Erastus," said Cecilia to him, "and I am sensible you merit more. "But the heart has its caprices; my own dissents from my reason." "I understand you, Madam," replied Erastus, constraining himself, but with tears in his eyes; "your reason pleads for me, but your heart for another."—"I confess it, and not without regret: I should be to blame, if I were free; but there is no answering for inclination."—"Very well, Madam; I will love then alone: I shall derive the more glory from it."—"But there now is the very thing I would not have."—"Nor I neither; but that is to no purpose."—"And what is to become of you?"—"Whatever Love and Nature please."—"You distress me, Erastus, by thus abandoning
K 6 "yourself."

“yourself.” — “I must abandon myself, when I cannot help it.” — “How unhappy am I in having ever known you !” — “Indeed, you had need complain : it is a terrible misfortune to be beloved !” — “Yes, it is a misfortune to have cause to reproach one’s self on account of a man we esteem.” — “You, Madam, you have nothing to reproach yourself. An honest man may complain of a coquette who trifles with him ; or rather she is unworthy of his complaints and regret ; but what wrongs have you committed ? Have you employed any seducing arts to attract me, any complaisance to retain me ? Did I consult you about loving you ? Who obliges you to think me amiable ? Follow your own inclination, and I will follow mine. Be not afraid that I shall plague you.” — “No, but you will plague yourself ; for, in short, you will see me.” — “What ! would you be cruel enough to forbid me your sight ?” — “Far from it, I assure you ; but I wish to see you easy, and as my best friend,” — “Friend, let it be : the name signifies nothing.” — “But the name is not enough ; I would bring you back in reality to that sentiment so pure, so tender, and so solid, to that friendship
“which

“ which I feel for you.” — “ Well, Madam,
“ you may love me as you please ; pray
“ now permit me to love you as I can,
“ and as much as I can. I only desire
“ the liberty of being unhappy after my own
“ manner.”

The obstinacy of Erastus grieved Cecilia ; but, after all, she had done her duty : so much the worse for him if he loved her still. She gave herself up, therefore, without concern, or reproach, to her inclination for Floricourt. The most refined gallantry was put in practice to captivate her. Floricourt succeeded without difficulty. He knew how to please, thought he loved, and was happy, if he had chosen to be so. But self-love is the bane of love. It was but a trifle in Floricourt's eyes to be loved more than every thing else : he wanted to be loved solely, without reserve, or participation. It is true that he set the example : he had detached himself for Cecilia from a prude whom he had ruined, and a coquette who ruined him ; he had broke off with five or six of the vainest and foolishlest young fellows in the world. He supped no where but at Cecilia's, where it was delicious supping ; and he had the goodness to think of her amidst a circle of women, not one of whom equalled

equalled her either in grace or beauty. Such uncommon proceedings, not to speak of merit still more uncommon, had not they a right to exact from Cecilia the most absolute devotion ?

In the mean time, as he was not sufficiently in love to be at all deficient in address, he took care not to suffer his pretensions to appear at first. Never had man, before conquest, been more complaisant, more docile, less assuming, than Floricourt; but from the moment he saw himself master of her heart, he became its tyrant. Difficult, imperious, jealous, he wanted to possess alone all the faculties of Cecilia's soul. He could not so much as permit her one idea except his own, much less a thought which came not from him. A decisive taste, a strict connexion, was sure to displease him; but his meaning was to be guessed at. He would force her to ask him a hundred times over what he was thinking of, or what had put him out of humour; and it was never but as a favour that he confessed at last that such a thing had displeased him, or such a person made him dull. In short, as soon as he saw that his will was a law: he declared it without ceremony: and it was submitted to without opposition. It was but a small matter to require of Cecilia the sacrifice of those pleasures which naturally presented themselves; he gave birth to them the
oftener,

oftener, on purpose to see them sacrificed to him. He spoke with transport of a play or an entertainment ; he invited Cecilia to it ; and they settled the party with ladies of his own naming : the hour came, they were dressed, the horses put to ; he changed his design, and Cecilia was obliged to pretend a head-ache. He presented to her a she-friend, whom he introduced as an adorable woman : she was found such : an intimacy was contracted. A week after, he confessed he had been deceived ; she was affected, insipid, or giddy ; and Cecilia was obliged to break off with her.

Cecilia was in a short time reduced to slight acquaintances, whom however he complained of her seeing too often. She perceives not that her complaisance was changed into slavery. We think we pursue our own will when we pursue the will of those we love. Floricourt seemed to her only to forestall her own desires. She sacrificed every thing to him, without so much as suspecting that she made him any sacrifices ; yet Floricourt's self-love was not satisfied.

The company of the town, perfectly frivolous and transitory as it was, yet appeared to him too interesting. He extolled solitude, he repeated a hundred times, that there was no true love but in the country, far from dissipation and noise, and that he should never be happy but in a retreat inaccessible to importunents

nents and rivals. Cecilia had a country-house to his wish. She had longed to pass the finest part of the year there with him ; but could she do it with decency ? He gave her to understand, that it was sufficient to take off all the air of a private party by carrying such a friend along with them as Erastus, and a woman of the character of Artenice. After all, if people should talk, their marriage, which was soon to be concluded, would silence them. They set out, Erastus was of the party, and this again was a refinement of Floricourt's self-love. He knew that Erastus was his rival, his unsuccessful rival : it was the most flattering testimony that he could have of his triumph ; therefore he had contrived excellently to bring it about. His attentions to him had an air of compassion and superiority, at which Erastus was sometimes quite out of patience : but the tender and delicate friendship of Cecilia made him amends for these humiliations, and the fear of displeasing her made him disguise them. However, sure he was that they were going into the country only in order to enjoy their love there at liberty, how could he resolve with himself to follow them ? This reflexion Cecilia made, as well as he : she would have hindered him, but the party was settled, past revocation. Besides, Artenice was young
and

and handsome. Solitude, opportunity, liberty, example, jealousy and pique, might engage Erastus to turn towards her those vows which Cecilia could not listen to. Cecilia was modest enough to think it possible for a person to be unfaithful to her, and just enough to wish it : but it was betraying a very slight knowledge of the heart and character of Erastus.

Artenice was one of those women with whom love is only an arrangement of society, who are offended at a long attachment, who grow tired of a constant passion, and who depend sufficiently on the honesty of the men to deliver themselves up to them without reserve, and to quit them without hesitation. They had told her, "We are going to pass some time in the country : Erastus is to be there : will you make one?" She replied with a smile, "With all my heart ; a pleasant scheme ;" and the party was immediately settled. This was an additional torment to Erastus. Artenice had heard Cecilia praise her friend, as the most prudent man in the world, the honestest and most reserved.— "That is charming," said Artenice within herself ; "that is a kind of man to be taken and dismissed without precaution or noise. Happy or unhappy, that is not to the purpose : one is never at one's ease but
" with

“with people of this sort. An Erastus is a “rarity.” We may readily conclude, after these reflexions, that Erastus did not want for encouragement.

Florincourt behaved towards Cecilia with an assiduity perfectly distressing to an unsuccessful rival. Cecilia in vain endeavoured to constrain herself; her looks, her voice, her very silence betrayed her. Erastus was upon the rack; but he concealed his pain. Artenice, like a dexterous woman, kept conveniently at a distance, and engaged Erastus to follow her. “How happy are they!” said she one day to him as they were walking together. “Wholly “taken up with each other, they feel a mutual satisfaction, and live only for themselves. It is a great happiness merely to love. “What say you to it?” “Yes, Madam,” replied Erastus looking down; “it is a great happiness when two”—“Oh, there “are always two: for I do not see that one “is alone in the world.”—“I mean, Madam, two hearts equally sensible, and made “to love one another equally.”—“Equally! “that is very unreasonable. For my part, I “think that we ought to be less difficult, and “to content ourselves with coming up within “a small matter of it. Suppose, I have “more sensibility in my temper than he who “attaches himself to me, must I punish him
“for

“ for it ? Every one gives what he has, and
“ we have no room to reproach him who con-
“ tributes towards society that portion of sen-
“ sibility which nature has given him. I
“ wonder that the coldest hearts are always
“ the most delicate. You, for example, you
“ now are a man that would expect one to
“ love you to distraction.” — “ I, Madam ! I
“ expect nothing.” — “ You mistake me ; that
“ is not what I mean. You have enough in
“ you to seduce a woman, to be sure. I
“ should not even be surprised at her conceiv-
“ ing an inclination for you.” — “ That may
“ be, Madam : in point of folly, I doubt no-
“ thing : but if a woman were so foolish as to
“ fall in love with me, I think she would
“ be much to be pitied.” — “ Is this a cau-
“ tion, Sir, which you are so good as to give
“ me ?” — “ You, Madam ? I flatter myself
“ that you think me neither foolish nor weak
“ enough to give you any such caution.”
“ — Very well, you speak in general then,
“ and except me out of politeness ?” —
“ The exception itself is unnecessary, Ma-
“ dam ; for you have nothing to do in the
“ case.” — “ Pardon me, Sir : it is I who tell
“ you, that you have qualities enough to
“ please, and that one might very easily love
“ you to distraction ; and it is to me that you
“ reply, that one should be very much to be
“ pitied

“ pitied if one loved you. Nothing, in my
“ opinion, can be more personal. Hey!
“ what, you are embarrassed ?” — “ I con-
“ fess that your raillery embarrasses me ; I
“ know not how to reply to it ; but it is not
“ generous to attack me with weapons which
“ I am not armed with.” — “ But if I were in
“ earnest, Erastus : if nothing in the world
“ were truer ?” — “ Your servant, Madam :
“ the situation I am now reduced to will not
“ permit me to amuse you any longer.” —
“ Ah ! upon my word he is in downright ear-
“ nest,” said she, following him with her
eyes. “ The tone of levity, the laughing air
“ which I assumed, piqued him ; he is a
“ man for sentiment : I must talk to him in
“ his own language. To-morrow, in this
“ grove, one turn more, and my victory is
“ decided.”

Erastus's walk with Artenice had appeared very long to Cecilia. Erastus returned from it quite pensive, and Artenice in triumph. — “ Well,” said Cecilia to her friend, in a very low voice, “ what do you think of Erastus ?” — “ Why I like him pretty well ; he has not
“ quite tired me, and that is a great deal ;
“ he has some excellent qualities, and one
“ might make an agreeable man of him. I
“ find him only a little romantic in his man-
“ ner. He expects sentiment ; a fault of ha-
“ bit,

“ bit, a mere country prejudice, of which
“ it is easy to break him.” “ *He expects sentiment!*” said Cecilia within herself; they
“ are coming to terms already! This is
“ going very far at one interview. I think
“ Erastus acts his part with a good grace.
“ Well! but if he is happy, am I to take it
“ ill? Yet it was wrong in him to want to
“ persuade me that he was so greatly to be
“ pitied. He might have spared my delicacy
“ the heavy reproaches, which he knew very
“ well I heaped upon myself. It is the phrensy
“ of lovers always to exaggerate their pains.—
“ In short, he is consoled, and I am sufficiently comforted.”

Cecilia, in this idea, put less restraint on herself with regard to Floricourt. Erastus, whom nothing escaped, became more melancholy than usual. Cecilia and Artenice attributed his melancholy to the same cause. A growing passion always produces that effect. The day after, Artenice did not fail to contrive a *tête-à-tête* for Cecilia and Floricourt, by taking away Erastus along with her.

“ You are angry,” said she; “ and I want
“ to be reconciled to you. I see, Erastus,
“ that you are not one of those men with
“ whom love is to be treated with raillery :
“ you look upon an engagement as one of the
“ most serious things in the world; I like
“ you

“you the better for it.”—“I! Not at all,
“Madam, I am too well persuaded that a
“serious passion is the highest extravagance,
“and that love is no longer a pleasure than
“while it is a jest.”—“Be consistent then.
“Yesterday evening you required an equal
“sensibility, a mutual inclination.” — “I
“required an impossibility, or, at least, the
“most uncommon thing in the world: and I
“maintain, that without this union, which is
“so difficult that it must be given up, the
“wisest and surest way is to make a jest of
“love, without annexing any chimerical va-
“lue or importance to it.” — “Upon my
“word, my dear Erastus, you talk like an
“angel. Why indeed should we torment our-
“selves to no purpose, endeavouring to love
“more than we are able? We agree, settle
“matters, grow weary of each other, and
“part. On casting up the account, we have
“had pleasure; the time, therefore, was well
“employed, and would to heaven we could
“be so amused all our lives!” “This now,”
said Erastus within himself, “is a very con-
“venient way of thinking!” “I well know,”
continued she, “what they call a serious pas-
“sion: nothing is more gloomy, nothing
“more dull. Uneasiness, jealousy, are con-
“tinually tormenting the two unhappy crea-
“tures. They pretend to be satisfied with
“each

“each other, and weary themselves to death.”
—“Ah! Madam, what is it you say? They
“want nothing, if they love truly. Such
“an union is the charm of life, the delight of
“the soul, the fullness of happiness.”—
“Really, Sir, you are mad with your eternal
“inconsistencies. What would you have,
“pray?” — “What is not to be found,
“Madam, and what perhaps will never be
“seen.” — “A fine expectation truly! And
“in the meanwhile your heart will continue
“disengaged?” — “Alas! would to heaven
“it could!” — “It is not so then, Erastus?”
— “No certainly, Madam, and you would
“pity its condition, could you but conceive
“it.” At these words he left her, lifting his
eyes towards heaven, and heaving a profound
sigh. “This then,” said Artenice, “is what
“they call a reserved man! He is so much
“so, that it makes him a downright beast.
“By good luck, I have not explained my-
“self. Possibly I ought to have spoken
“out: bashful people must be assisted.—
“But he walks off with an exclamation,
“without giving one time to ask him what
“possesses or afflicts him. We shall see:
“he must declare; for, in short, I am
“come to a compromise, and my honour is
“concerned.”

Florincourt,

Floricourt, during supper, wanted to entertain himself at the expense of Erastus. "So!" said he to Artenice, "where have you been? Nothing should be concealed from friends, and we set you the example." "Right," said Artenice with indignation; "if we knew how to profit by the examples that are set us? Did we even know what we would be at? If one talks of a serious passion, the gentleman treats it as a jest; if one agrees to its being a jest, he goes back again to the serious." "It is easy for you, Madam," said Erastus, "to turn me into ridicule: I submit to it, as much as you please."—"Nay, Sir! I have no such design: but we are among friends, let us explain. We have not time to observe and guess at each other. I please you; that you have given me to understand: I will not dissemble that you are agreeable enough to me. We are not come here to be idle spectators; honour itself requires that we should be employed: let us make an end, and understand one another. How is it that you would love me? How would you have me love you?"—"I, Madam!" cried Erastus: I don't want you to love me."—"What, Sir, have you deceived me then?"—"Not at all, Madam; I call heaven to witness
" that

“that I have not said one word to you in the least like love.” “Nay then,” said she to him, getting up from table, “this is a piece of effrontery beyond any thing I ever saw.” Floricourt would have detained her. “No, Sir, I am not able to endure the sight of a man who has the assurance to deny the dull and insipid declarations with which he has affronted me, and which I had the goodness to put up with, prepos- sessed by the commendations that had been given me, I know not why, of this wretched creature.”

“Artenice is gone off in a rage,” said Cecilia to Erastus, on seeing him again the next day: “what has passed between you?” — “Some idle talk, Madam, the result of which on my side was, that nothing is more to be dreaded than a serious passion, and nothing more despicable than a frivolous one. Artenice has seen me sigh; she thought I sighed for her: and I undeceived her, that is all.” — “You undeceived her! that is handsome enough; but you should have done it with a little more art!” — “How, Madam! could she dare to tell you that we were on the brink of love, and would you have had me contain myself? What would you have thought of my assent, or even of my si-
Vo. I. L “lence?”

“ lence ? ” — “ That you were very much in
“ the right. Artenice is young and handsome,
“ and your attachment would have been mere-
“ ly an amusement. ” — “ I am not in a hu-
“ mour to amuse myself, Madam, and I beg
“ of you to spare the advice, by which
“ I shall never profit. ” — “ But you are
“ now alone with us, and you yourself
“ must perceive that you will act but a
“ very strange part here. ” — “ I shall act,
“ Madam, the part of a friend : nothing is,
“ in my opinion, more honourable. ” — “ But,
“ Erastus, how will you be able to support
“ it ? ” — “ Leave that to me, Madam, and
“ do not make yourself at all uneasy on my
“ account. ” — “ I can’t help being uneasy ;
“ for, in short, I know your situation, and,
“ indeed, it is dreadful. ” — “ May be so ; but
“ it is neither in your power nor mine to ren-
“ der it better : let me alone, and let us talk
“ no more of it. ” — “ Talk no more of it !
“ Soon said ; but you are unhappy, and I
“ am the cause. ” — “ Oh ! no, Madam, no,
“ I have told you so an hundred times ; you
“ have nothing to reproach yourself with : in
“ God’s name be easy. ” — “ I should be easy,
“ If you could but be so. ” — “ Nay, now you
“ are cruel. Though you should insist upon
“ knowing what passes in my soul, yet I should
“ not have one pang the less, but you would
“ have

"have a piece of chagrin the more for it :
"prithee now forget that I love you." —
"Hey! how! forget it? I see it every mo-
"ment."—"You would have me leave you
"then?"—"Why, our situation would re-
"quire it."—"Very well: drive me away
"then, that will be best."—"I drive you
"away, my friend! It is for you that I am
"in pain."—"Oh then, for my part, I de-
"clare to you, that I cannot live without
"you."—"You think so: but absence . . ."
—"Absence! a fine remedy for love like
"mine!"—"Doubt not its efficacy, my
"dear Erastus: there are women more ami-
"able and less unjust than I."—"I am glad
"of it; but that is all one to me."—"You
"think so at present."—"I am now what I
"shall be all my life long: I know myself:
"I know the women. Do not be afraid that
"any of them can make me either happy or
"unhappy."—"I believe that you would
"not attach yourself at first; but you will
"dissipate in the world."—"And with
"what? Nothing in it amuses me. Here at
"least I have no time to grow dull: I see
"you, or I am going to see you; you talk to
"me kindly; I am sure that you do not for-
"get me: and if I were at a distance from
"you, I have an imagination that would be
"my torment."—"And could it paint any
L 2 "thing

“ thing more cruel than what you see ? ” —
“ I see nothing, Madam : I desire to see
“ nothing : spare me the uneasiness of being
“ your confident.” — “ Indeed I admire your
“ moderation.” — “ Yes, I have great merit,
“ indeed, in being moderate ! Would you have
“ me beat you ? ” — “ No ; but people usually
“ complain on such occasions.” — “ And of
“ what ? ” — “ I do not know ; but I cannot
“ reconcile so much love with so much rea-
“ son.” — “ Be assured, Madam, every one
“ loves after his own fashion ; mine is not to
“ rave. If ill language would please you,
“ I could bestow as much as another ; but I
“ doubt whether that would succeed.” — “ I
“ lose nothing by that, Erastus ; and at the
“ bottom of your heart.” — “ No, I vow
“ that my heart respects you as much as my
“ mouth. I never surprised myself one mo-
“ ment possessed with the least anger against
“ you.” — “ Yet you torment yourself, I see
“ plainly. Melancholy gains upon you.” — “ I
“ am not very gay.” — “ You hardly eat.” —
“ I live at least.” — “ I am sure you do not sleep
“ at all.” — “ Pardon me, I sleep a little, and
“ that is the happiest part of my time ; for I
“ see you in my slumbers such almost as I wish
“ you to be.” — “ Erastus ! ” — “ Cecilia ? ” —
“ You offend me.” — “ Nay, Madam ! it
“ is too much to want to rob me of my
“ dreams.

"dreams. You are, in reality, such as you think proper: suffer me then at least in idea to have you such as pleases me." — "Do not be angry, but let us talk reason. These very dreams which I ought not to know of, nourish your passion." — "So much the better, Madam, so much the better: I should be very sorry to be cured of it." — "And why do you persist to love me without hope?" — "Without hope! I am not reduced to that yet: if your sentiments were just, they would be durable. But . . ." — "Do not flatter yourself, Erastus; I am in love, and for my whole life." — "I do not flatter myself, Cecilia; it is you that slander yourself. Your passion is a fever, which will have its period. It is not generous to speak ill of one's rival: I am silent; but I refer it to the goodness of your disposition, to the delicacy of your heart." — "They are both blind." — "That is owning they are not so. One must have seen or have had some glimmerings, even to know that we see badly." — "Well, I confess it; I remember to have discovered faults in Floricourt; but I know nothing more in him." — "That knowledge will come to you, Madam, and on that I depend." — "And if I marry Floricourt, as indeed every thing tends that

“way . . .” — “In that case I shall have nothing more either to hope or to fear, and my resolution is already taken.” — “And what is it?” — “To give over loving you.” — “And how are you to do that?” — “How? nothing so easy. If I were in the army, and a ball” — “O heavens!” — “Is it so difficult then to suppose one’s self in the army?” — “Ah, my cruel friend, what is it you say? and with what levity do you tell me of a mischief for which I should never forgive myself!” — Cecilia began to melt at this idea, when Floricourt came up to them. Erastus soon left them, according to his usual practice. “Our friend, my dear Cecilia,” said Floricourt, “is a very gloomy mortal; what say you?” — “He is an honest creature,” replied Cecilia, “whose virtues I respect.” — “Faith, with all his virtues I wish he would go and indulge his reveries somewhere else; we want gaiety and company in the country.” — “Perhaps he has some reason to be pensive and solitary.” — “Yes, I believe so, and I guess it. You blush, Cecilia! I shall be discreet, and your embarrassment imposes silence on me.” — “And what should be my embarrassment, Sir? You believe that Erastus loves me, and you have reason to believe it. I pity him, I advise him, I
“talk

“talk to him as his friend ; there is nothing
“in all this to blush at.” — “Such a confession, my beautiful Cecilia, renders you
“still more deserving of esteem ; but allow
“that it comes a little too late.” — “I did
“not think myself obliged, Sir, to inform
“you of a secret which was not mine, and I
“should have concealed it from you all my
“life long, if you had not surprised me into
“the discovery. There is, in these kinds
“of confidences an ostentation and cruelty
“not in my disposition. We should at
“least respect those whom we have made
“unhappy.” “There is heroism for you,”
cried Floricourt in a tone of anger and
irony. “And does this friend whom you
“use so well know how far matters are gone
“between us ?” — “Yes, Sir, I have told him
“all.” — “And he has still the goodness
“to stay here !” — “I endeavoured to dis-
“pose him to leave us.” — “Ah ! I have no-
“thing more to say ; I should have been
“surprised if your delicacy had not fore-
“run mine. You perceived the indecency
“of suffering a man who loves you to continue
“in your house, at the very moment in which
“you are going to declare for his rival. —
“There would even be inhumanity in it to
“render him a witness of the sacrifice you
“make me. When is he to depart ?” —

"I do not know; I have not had the courage
"to prescribe the time; and he has not
"the resolution to determine upon it."—
"You railly, Cecilia: who then is to pro-
"pose to him to rid us of his presence? It
"would not be handsome in me."—"It shall
"be myself, Sir; do not be uneasy."—"And
"what uneasiness do I show, Madam?—
"Would you do me the honour of supposing
"me to be jealous? I assure you I am not in
"the least so: my delicacy has yourself only
"in view, and for the little pain it may
"give you"—"It will give me pain, no
"doubt, [to deprive a respectable friend of the
"only consolation that is left him; but I
"know how to do myself violence."—"Vio-
"lence, Madam! that is very strong. I
"would have no violence; that would be
"the way to render me odious, and I shall
"therefore go myself, and persuade this re-
"spectable friend not to abandon you."—
"Go on, Sir; your raillery is mighty well
"timed, and I deserve, indeed, that you
"should talk to me in this manner."—"I
"am very unhappy, Madam, to have dis-
"pleased you," said Floricourt, on seeing her
eyes bedewed with tears. "Forgive me my
"imprudence. I did not know all the con-
"cern you had for my rival and your friend."

At

At these words he left her, overcome with grief.

Erastus, at his return, found her in this situation. "What is the matter, Madam?" said he, accosting her: "in tears!" — "You see, Sir, the most wretched of women: I am sensible that my weakness will ruin me, and yet am unable to cure myself. A man, to whom I have sacrificed every thing, doubts of my sentiments, treats me with contempt, and suspects me." — "I understand, Madam, he is jealous, and must be made easy. Your quiet is concerned in it, and there is nothing that I would not sacrifice to a concern so dear to me. Adieu: may you be happy! and I shall be less wretched." Cecilia's tears burst forth afresh at these words. "I have exhorted you to fly me," said she to him; "I advised you to it as a friend, and for your own sake. The effort I made over my own soul had nothing humiliating in it; but to banish you to gratify an unreasonable man, to rid him of a suspicion which I ought never to have feared; to be obliged to justify my love by the sacrifice of friendship, is shameful and overwhelming. Never did any thing cost me so dear before." — "It must be so, Madam, if you love Flori-court." — "Yes, my dear Erastus, pity
L 5 "me:

“me: I do love him, and it is in vain I reproach myself for it.” Erastus listened no longer, but went off.

Floricourt made use of every method to appease Cecilia; his gentleness, his complaisance, were not to be equalled, when his will was fulfilled. Erastus was almost forgot; and what is it we do not forget for the person we love, when we have the happiness to believe ourselves beloved again! One only amusement, alas! and that a very innocent one, yet remained to Cecilia in their solitude. She had brought up a goldfinch, which, by a wonderful instinct, answered to her caresses. He knew her voice, and would fly to meet her. He never sung but when he saw her, he never eat but out of her hand, nor drank but out of her mouth: she would give him his liberty, he would use it but for a minute, and as soon as she called him, he flew to her immediately. No sooner was he placed on her bosom, than a sensibility seemed to agitate his wings, and to precipitate the warblings of his melodious throat. Could one believe that the haughty Floricourt was offended at the attention which Cecilia paid to the sensibility and sportiveness of this little animal?—“I will know,” said he one day within himself, “whether the love she entertains for me is superior to these weaknesses. It would
“be

“ be pleasant indeed, if she should be more
“ attached to her goldfinch than to her lover.
“ Yet it may be so ; I will make the experi-
“ ment, and that before the evening be over.
“ And where is the little bird ?” said he, ac-
costing her with a smile.—“ He is enjoying the
“ open air and liberty ; he is somewhere flut-
“ tering in the garden.” — “ And are you not
“ afraid that at last he should accustom him-
“ self to that, and never return more ?”—“ I
“ would forgive him, if he found himself hap-
“ pier.”—“ Ah ! prithee now let us see if he
“ be faithful to you. Will you please to re-
“ call him ?” Cecilia made the usual signal,
“ and the bird flew to her hand. — “ That is
“ charming,” says Floricourt ; “ but he is
“ too dear to you, I am jealous of him, and
“ I would have *all or nothing* from the per-
“ son I love.” At these words he attempted
to lay hold of the dear little bird, in order to
throttle it ; she set up a cry, the bird flew
away ; Cecilia, affrighted, grew pale, and
lost all sensation. The servants ran to her
assistance, and recalled her to life. As soon
as she opened her eyes, she saw at her feet, not
the man whom she loved best, but to her the
most odious of mortals. Begone, Sir,”
said she to him with horror. “ This last
“ stroke has given me a clear insight of your
“ frightful character, equally mean and cruel.
“ Out

“ Out of my house ! never to enter it more !
 “ You are too happy that I still respect myself
 “ more than I despise you. O, my dear and
 “ worthy Erastus ! to what a man should I
 “ have sacrificed you ? ” Floricourt went out,
 fuming with rage and shame ; the bird returned
 to caress his beautiful mistress ; and it is un-
 necessary to add, that Erastus saw himself
 recalled.

THE

PRETENDED PHILOSOPHER.

CLARISSA had for some years heard of nothing but philosophers. “ What kind of
 “ mortals are they ? ” said she : “ I want
 “ much to see one. ” They tell her first, that
 true philosophers were very rare, and not
 much addicted to communication ! but in
 every other point, they were of all men the
 plainest, without the least singularity. “ There
 “ are two sorts then, ” said she, “ for in all
 “ the accounts that I hear, a philosopher
 “ is a fantastical being, who pretends to be
 “ like nothing. ” Of those, they told her,
 there were enough every where ; “ you shall
 “ have

“ have as many as you please of them : no-
“ thing so easily contrived.”

Clarissa was in the country with an idle party, who sought only to amuse themselves. They presented to her, a few days after, the sententious Aristus. “ The gentleman then “ is a philosopher?” said she on seeing him. “ Yes, Madam,” replied Aristus.—“ This “ philosophy is a fine thing, is it not ?”— “ Why, Madam, it is the knowledge of “ good and evil, or, if you please, wisdom.” “ Is that all ?” said Doris. “ And the fruit “ of this wisdom,” continued Clarissa, “ is “ to be happy, no doubt ?”—“ Add, Madam, “ to make others happy also.”—“ I should be “ a philosopher too then,” said the simple Lucinda in a low voice : “ for I have been told “ a hundred times, that it depended only on “ me to be happy by making others happy.” “ Right ! who don’t know that ?” resumed “ Doris. “ It is a mere stage-secret.”

Aristus, with a smile of contempt, gave them to understand, that philosophical happiness was not that which a pretty woman can taste, and make others taste.—“ I doubted it “ much,” said Clarissa : and nothing is “ more unlike, I should think, than a fine “ woman and a philosopher ; but let us hear “ first how the sage Aristus makes use of it,
“ in

“in order to be happy himself.”—“That is very simple, Madam: I have no prejudices, I depend on nobody, I live on little, I love nothing, and I speak every thing that I think.”—“To love nothing,” observed Cleon, “seems to me a disposition but little favourable to make people happy.”—“How, Sir!” replied the philosopher; “what, do we do good only to that we love? Do you love the miserable wretch whom you relieve as you go along? It is just so that we distribute to mankind the assistance of our lights.” “And it is with your lights then,” said Doris, “that you make people happy?”—“Yes, Madam, and that we are so ourselves.”

The fat Lady President of Ponval thought this happiness very slender! “Has a philosopher,” demanded Lucinda, “many pleasures!”—“He has but one, Madam, that of despising them all,”—“That must be very entertaining,” said Mrs. President, roughly. “And if you love nothing, Sir, what do you do with your soul?”—“What do I do with it? I employ it to the only use worthy of it. I contemplate, I observe the wonders of Nature.” “Ay, but what can that nature have interesting to you.” replied Clarissa, “if mankind, if your equals have nothing in them to attach you?”—“My equals, Madam! I will not dispute
“about

“about words: but that expression is a little too strong. But however that be, nature, which I study, has to me the attraction of curiosity, which is the spring of understanding, as that which is called desire is the movement of sentiment.” “Oh, ay, I conceive,” said Doris, “that curiosity is something; but do you reckon desire, Sir, as nothing?”—“Desire, I have already told you, is an attraction of another sort.”—“Why then deliver yourself up to one of these attractions, while you resist the other?”—“Ah! Madam, because the enjoyments of the understanding are not mingled with any bitterness, and all those of the senses contain a concealed poison.” “But at least,” said Cleon, “you have senses?”—“Yes, I have senses, if you please; but they have no dominion over me: my mind receives their impressions as a glass, and nothing but the pure objects of the understanding can affect it strongly.” “A very insipid fellow this!” said Doris to Clarissa in a very low voice; who brought this “strange creature here?” “Peace,” replied Clarissa; this will do for the country: there is a way to divert ourselves with him.”

Cleon, who wanted still to develop the character of Aristus, testified his surprize of seeing him

him resolved to love nothing; "for, after
"all," said he, "do you know nothing
"amiable?" "I know surfaces," replied
the philosopher; "but I know how to defy
"the bottom." "It remains then to know,"
said Cleon, "whether this defiance be well
"founded."—"Oh, very well founded, be-
lieve me; I have seen enough to convince
"me that this globe is peopled only by fools,
"knaves, and ingrates." "If you were to
"consider it well," said Clarissa to him in a
tone of reproach, "you would be less un-
"just, and perhaps also more happy.

The sage, confounded for a moment, pre-
tended not to have heard. Word was brought
that dinner was ready; he gave his hand to
Clarissa, and seated himself next her at table,
"I would fain," said she to him, "reconcile
"you to human nature."—"Impossible,
"Madam! impossible: man is the most vici-
"ous of beings. What can be more cruel,
"for example, than the spectacle of your din-
"ner? How many innocent animals are
"sacrificed to the voraciousness of man? The
"ox, from which you have this beef, what
"harm had he done you? And the sheep,
"from whence came this mutton, the symbol
"of candour, what right had you over his
"life? And this pigeon, the ornament of our
"dove-houses, just torn from its tender mate?

"O heavens!

“ O heavens ? if there had been a *Buffon** ,
“ among the animals, in what class would he
“ place man ? The tiger, the vulture, the
“ shark, would yield to him the first rank
“ among those of prey.” All the company
concluded that the philosopher subsisted only
on pulse, and they were afraid to offer him
any part of the meats which he enumerated
with so much compassion. “ Nay, help me.”
said he : “ since they have gone so far as to
“ kill them, somebody must eat them.” He
declaimed, in like manner, at the same time,
that he eat of every thing, against the pro-
fusion of victuals, the pains taken to procure
them, and the delicacy of them : “ O happy
“ time !” said he, “ when man browsed
“ with the goats. Some drink, pray !
“ Nature is greatly degenerated !” The philo-
sopher got drunk in describing the clear brook
where his forefathers used to quench their thirst.

Cleon seized the moment when wine makes
us say every thing, to discover the principle of
this philosophical ill-humour, which extended
itself towards all mankind. “ Well,” said he
to Aristus, “ you are here now among men :
“ do you find them so odious ? Confess that
“ you condemned them on hearsay, and that
“ they do not deserve all the harm that is said
“ of them.”—“ On hearsay, Sir ! Learn, that

* *Buffon*, the famous naturalist.

“ a philo-

“ a philosopher judges not but after his own
“ notions : it is because I have well considered,
“ and well developed mankind, that I believe
“ them vain, proud and unjust.” — “ Ah !
“ prithee now,” interrupted Cleon, “ spare
“ us a little : our admiration of you, merits
“ at least some tenderness ; for, in short, you
“ cannot reproach us with not honouring
“ merit.” “ And how do you honour it ?”
replied the philosopher briskly : “ it is by neg-
“ lect and desertion that it is to be honoured ?
“ O ! the philosophers of Greece were the
“ oracles of their age, the legislators of
“ their country. Now-a-days wisdom and
“ virtue languish in oblivion ; intrigue, mean-
“ ness, and servility, carry all before them.”
— “ Suppose that were the case,” said Cleon,
“ it would possibly be the fault of those great
“ men who disdain to shew themselves.”
— “ And would you have them then run
“ their heads into the faces, or rather throw
“ themselves at the feet of the dispensers of
“ rewards ?” “ It is true,” said Cleon, “ that
“ they might spare themselves the trouble,
“ and that such a person as yourself (pardon
“ my bringing up your name) . . .” “ No
“ harm done,” replied the philosopher with
great humility. — “ Such a person as your-
“ self ought to be dispensed from paying his
“ court,” — “ I pay my court ! Ah ! let them
“ wait

“ wait for that ; I believe their pride would
“ never have much to plume itself upon : I
“ know how to set a right value on myself,
“ thank heaven, and I would go and live in
“ the deserts rather than disgrace my being.”
“ It would be great pity,” said Cleon, “ that
“ society should lose you : born to enlighten
“ mankind, you ought to live amongst them.
“ You cannot think, Ladies, the good that a
“ philosopher does to the world : I will lay a
“ wager now, that this gentleman has disco-
“ vered a multitude of moral truths, and that
“ there are perhaps at this very time fifty vir-
“ tues of his own making.” “ Virtues !”
replied Aristus, looking down, “ I have not
“ struck out many of Them, but I have un-
“ veiled many vices.” How, Sir !” said
Lucinda to him, “ why did not you leave
“ them their veil ? They would have been less
“ ugly.” “ Your humble servant for that,”
replied Madam de Ponval : “ I love an ac-
“ knowledged vice better than an equivocal
“ virtue : one knows at least what to depend
“ on.” “ And yet see how they requite us !”
cried Aristus with indignation. “ It is on
“ this account that I have taken the resolu-
“ tion to live only for myself. let the world
“ go on as it may.” “ No,” said Clarissa
politely to him, getting up from table, “ I must
“ have you live for us. Have you any urgent
“ business

“business at Paris?”—“None, Madam: a philosopher has no business.”—“Well; then, I shall keep you here. The country should be agreeable to philosophy, and I promise you solitude, repose, and freedom.” “Freedom, Madam!” said the philosopher, in an articulate voice, “I am greatly afraid you will fail in your promise.”

The company dispersed to walk, and Aristus, with a thoughtful air, pretended to go and meditate in a walk, where he mused without thinking of any thing. I mistake, he thought of Clarissa, and said within himself, “A handsome woman, a good house, all the conveniences of life: that promises well! let us see the end. It must be confessed,” continued he, “that society is a pleasant scene: if I were gallant now, forward, complaisant, amiable, they would scarce pay any attention to me: they see nothing else in the world, and the vanity of women is surfeited with these common homages; but to tame a bear, to civilize a philosopher, to bend his pride, to soften his soul, is a triumph difficult and uncommon, with which their self-love is not a little flattered. Clarissa, of her own accord, rushes into my toils; let me expect her there, without coming to any compromise.”

The

The company on their side amused themselves at the expence of Aristus. "He is a pleasant original enough," said Doris: "what shall we strike out of him?" "A comedy," replied Cleon, "and if Clarissa will come into it, my plan is already settled." He communicated his thought, all the company applauded it, and Clarissa, after some difficulty, consented to play her part. She was much younger and handsomer than was necessary to move a philosopher, and some words, some looks which had escaped our sage, seemed to promise an excellent catastrophe. She threw herself, therefore, as it were by chance, into the same walk with Aristus. "I put you out," said she; "excuse me, I was only passing."—"You do not interrupt me, Madam, I can meditate with you." "You will do me pleasure," says Clarissa: "I perceive that a philosopher does not think like another man, and I should be very glad to see things with your eyes."—"It is true, Madam, that philosophy creates, as it were, a new world. The vulgar see only in the gross: the details of nature are a spectacle reserved for us: it is for us that she seems to have disposed with an art so wonderful, the fibres of these leaves, the stamina of these flowers, the texture of this rind: an ant-hill is to me a republic, and each of the
" atoms

“ atoms that compose the world, appear in my
 “ eyes a new world.” “ That is admirable !”
 said Clarissa, “ what was it took up your
 “ thoughts this moment ?” “ These birds,”
 replied the sage.—“ They are happy, are they
 “ not ?”—“ Ah ! very happy, without doubt,
 “ and can they be otherwise ? Independence,
 “ equality, few wants, ready pleasures, obli-
 “ vion of the passed, no concern for the future,
 “ and their whole solicitude to support life,
 “ and to perpetuate their species ; what les-
 “ sons, Madam, what lessons for mankind !”
 —“ Confess, then, that the country is a deli-
 “ cious abode ; for, in short, it brings us
 “ nearer to the condition of animals, and like
 “ them we seem to have no laws there, but
 “ the gentle instinct of nature.” —“ Ah !
 “ Madam, how true is all this ! but the im-
 “ pression is effaced from the heart of man ;
 “ society has ruined every thing.” —“ You are
 “ right, this society is something very trouble-
 “ some, and since we want nobody, it would be
 “ quite natural to live for one’s self.” —“ Alas !
 “ that is what I have said a hundred times,
 “ and what I never cease to write ; but nobody
 “ will listen to me : you, Madam, for example,
 “ who seem to acknowledge the truth of this
 “ principle, could you have the strength to
 “ practise it ?” “ I cannot but wish,” said
 Clarissa, “ that philosophy should come in
 “ fashion :

“ fashion : I should not be the last to come
“ into it, as I ought not to be the first to set
“ it.” — “ This is the language that every
“ one speaks ; nobody will venture to set
“ the example, and, in the mean time, hu-
“ man nature groans, loaded with the yoke
“ of opinion, and the chains of custom.” —
“ What would you have us do, Sir ? Our
“ ease, our honour, all that we hold dear,
“ depends on decorums.” — “ Well, Madam,
“ observethen these tyrannical decorums ; wear
“ virtues as you do habits, made to the taste of
“ the age : but your soul is your own : society
“ has no right but to externals, and you owe
“ it only appearances. The decorums, so
“ much insisted on, are themselves nothing
“ more than appearances well preserved : but
“ the interior, Madam, the interior is the
“ sanctuary of the will, and the will is inde-
“ pendent.” “ I conceive,” said Clarissa,
“ that I may wish for what I please, provided
“ I go no further.” “ To be sure,” replied
the philosopher, “ it is better to stop there
“ than to run the hazard of giving into impru-
“ dencies : for, Madam, do you know what
“ a vicious woman is ? It is a woman who
“ has no regard, no respect to herself, in any
“ case.” “ What, Sir,” demanded Clarissa,
affecting an air of satisfaction, “ does vice
“ then consist only in imprudence ?” — “ Be-
“ fore

“ fore I answer you, Madam, permit me to
 “ ask you, what is vice in your eyes ? Is it not
 “ that which overturns order, which hurts,
 “ or which may hurt ?” — “ The very thing.”
 — “ Very well, Madam, all that is external.
 “ Why then submit your sentiments and your
 “ thoughts to prejudice ? See in these birds
 “ that soft and unrestrained liberty which na-
 “ ture gave you, and which you have lost.”
 “ Ah !” said Clarissa with a sigh, “ the
 “ death of my husband had restored me this
 “ precious gift ; but I am on the point of
 “ renouncing it again.” “ O heaven ! what
 “ do I hear !” cried he : “ are you going to
 “ form a new chain ?” “ Why, I do not
 “ know.” — “ You do not know !” — “ They
 “ will have it so.” — “ And who, Madam ?
 “ who are the enemies who dare propose it
 “ to you ? No ; believe me, marriage is a
 “ yoke, and freedom is the supreme good.
 “ But, however, who is the husband whom
 “ they would give you ?” — “ Cleon.” —
 “ Cleon, Madam ! I am no longer surprised
 “ at the unconstrained air he assumes here.
 “ He questions, decides, condescends some-
 “ times to be affable, and has that haughty
 “ politeness which seems to let himself
 “ down to a level with us : it is plain that
 “ he is doing the honours of his own house,
 “ and I know, from henceforth, the respect
 “ and deference that I owe him.” — “ You
 “ owe

“owe to each other a mutual civility, and I
“intend that with me every body shall be on
“an equality.”—“You intend it, Clarissa!
“Alas! your choice destroys all equality
“between mankind, and the person who is
“to possess you . . . But let us talk no more of
“it, I have said too much already; this place
“is not made for a philosopher. Permit me to
“leave it.” “No,” said she to him, “I have
“need of you, and you plunge me into irresolu-
“tions, from which you alone can draw me. It
“must be confessed, that philosophy is a very
“comfortable thing; but if a philosopher were
“a deceiver, he would be a very dangerous
“friend! Adieu, I would not have them see us
“together: I am going to rejoin the company:
“come to us soon. See there then,” said she,
as she was going from him, “what they call
“a philosopher!” “Courage,” said he on his
side! “Cleon hangs only by a thread.” Clarissa
with blushes, gave an account of the first scene,
and her beginning was received with applause:
but the Lady President, knitting her brow,
“Do you intend,” said she, “that I should
“be only a looker-on? No, no, I must play
“my part, and I assure you, it shall be plea-
“sant. Do you think that you shall subdue this
“sage? No: I will have the honour of it.”—
“You, Madam!”—“Oh! you may laugh:
“my fifty years, my triple chin, and my
VOL. I. M “mustachios

“mustachios of Spanish snuff defy all your
“graces. The whole company applauded
this challenge by redoubled peals of laughter.
“Nothing is more serious,” resumed she,
“and if it be not enough to triumph over one,
“you have only to join, and dispute the con-
“quest with me: I defy you all three. Go,
“divine Doris, charming Lucinda, admirable
“Clarissa, go and display before his eyes all
“the seductions of beauty and coquetry!
“I laugh at it.” She spoke these words with
a tone of resolution sufficient to make her
rivals tremble.

Cleon affected to appear dull and pensive at
the arrival of Aristus, and Clarissa assumed
with the philosopher a reserved air of mystery.
They spake little, but ogled much. Aristus,
on retiring to his apartment, found it furnished
with all the inventions of luxury. “Oh
“heavens!” said he to the company, who for
the sake of diverting themselves had conducted
him thither, “O heavens! is it not ridiculous
“that all this preparation should be made
“for one man’s sleep? Was it thus that they
“slept at Lacedæmon? O Lycurgus! what
“wouldst thou say? A toilette for me! This
“is downright mockery. Do they take me for
“a Sybarite? I must retire, I cannot stand
“it.” “Would you have us,” said Clarissa,
“unfurnish it on purpose for you? Take my
“advice,

"advice, and enjoy the pleasures of life,
"when they present themselves: a philoso-
"pher should know how to put up with every
"thing, and accommodate himself to every
"thing." "Very well, Madam," said he
somewhat appeased, "I must at present com-
"ply with you: but I shall never be able to
"sleep on this heap of down. Upon my
"word," says he, as he laid himself down,
"this luxury is a fine thing!" and the philo-
sopher fell asleep.

His dreams recalled to his remembrance
his conversation with Clarissa; and he awoke
with the pleasing idea, that this virtue by
convention, which is called prudence in wo-
men, would make but a feeble resistance
against him.

He was not yet up, when a lacquey came
to propose the bath to him. The bath was a
good presage. "Be it so," said he, "I will
"bathe: The bath is a natural institution. As
"for perfumes, the earth yields them; let us
"not disdain her presents." He would fain
have made use of the toilette which they had
provided for him; but shame restrained him.
He contented himself with giving to his philo-
sophical negligence the most decent air he
could, and the glass was twenty times consult-
ed. "What a fright you have made yourself!"
said Clarissa to him on seeing him appear:

“ why not dressed like the rest of the world ?
 “ This habit, this wig, give you a vulgar
 “ air which you have not naturally.” —
 “ What ! Madam, is it by the air that we
 “ are to judge of mankind ? Would you have
 “ me submit to the caprices of fashion, and be
 “ dressed like your Cleons ?” — “ Why not,
 “ Sir ? Do you not know that they derive
 “ an advantage from your simplicity, and that
 “ it is this in particular, that lessens in people’s
 “ opinions the consideration due to you ? I
 “ myself, in order to do you justice, have
 “ need of my reflection : the first sight makes
 “ against you, and it is very often the first
 “ sight that decides. Why not give to virtue
 “ all the charms of which she is capable ?” —
 “ No, Madam, art is not made for her. The
 “ more naked, the more beautiful ; they dis-
 “ guise her when they endeavour to adorn
 “ her.” — “ Very well, Sir, let her contem-
 “ plate herself alone at her ease ; as for me,
 “ I declare, that this rustic and low air dis-
 “ pleases me. Is it not strange, that having
 “ received from nature a distinguished figure,
 “ any one should take a pride in degrading it ?”
 — “ But, Madam, what would you say, if a
 “ philosopher should employ his attention
 “ about his dress, and set himself off like your
 “ marquis ?” — “ I would say, he seeks to
 “ please, and he does right ; for do not flatter
 “ yourself,

“yourself, Aristus; there is no pleasing without taking a good deal of pains.” — “Ah! I desire nothing so much as to please in your eyes.” “If such a desire really possesses you,” replied Clarissa, with a tender look, “bestow at least a quarter of an hour upon it. Here, Jasmin, Jasmin! go, dress the gentleman’s head.” Aristus blushing, yields at length to these gentle instances; and now behold the sage at his toilette!

The nimble hand of Jasmin disposes his locks with art: his physiognomy now displays itself; he admires the metamorphosis, and is scarce able to conceive it. “What will they say on seeing me?” said he to himself: “let them say what they please; but the philosopher has a good face.” He presents himself blown up with pride, but with an aukward and bashful air. “Ay, now,” said Clarissa, “you look handsome. There is nothing now but the colour of those clothes that offends my eyes.” — “Ah! Madam, for the sake of my reputation, leave me at least this characteristic of the gravity of my condition.” — “And what then, by your leave, is this chimerical condition which you have so much at heart? I approve very much of people’s being wise; but in my opinion all sorts of colours are indifferent to wisdom. Is this

M 3

“chesnut

" chesnut of Mr. Guillaume more founded in
 " nature than the sky-blue or rose-colour ? By
 " what caprice is it that you imitate in your
 " garments the husk of the chesnut rather than
 " the leaf of the rose or the tuft of the lily
 " with which the spring is crowned ? Ah !
 " for my part, I confess to you that the
 " rose-colour charms my sight : that colour
 " has something, I know not what, of softness
 " in it, which goes to my very soul, and I
 " should think you the handsomest creature
 " living in a suit of rose-colour."—" Rose-
 " colour, Madam ! O heavens ! a philoso-
 " pher in rose-colour !"—" Yes, Sir, a very
 " rose-colour : what would you have ? It is
 " my weakness. By writing to Paris directly,
 " you may have it by to-morrow afternoon,
 " can you not ?"—" What, Madam ?"—" A
 " suit for the country of the colour of my ri-
 " bands."—" No, Madam, it is impossible."—
 " Pardon me, nothing is easier, the workmen
 " need only be up all night."—" Alas ! it is of
 " mighty consequence what the time is which
 " they are to employ in rendering me ridi-
 " culous ! Consider, I beseech you, that such
 " an extravagance as this would ruin my repu-
 " tation."—" Well, Sir, when you shall
 " have lost that reputation, you will gain an-
 " other, and it is odds that you will gain by
 " the exchange."—" I protest to you, Ma-
 " dam,

"dam, that it is shocking to me to displease you, but . . ."—"But you put me out of all patience; I do not love to be thwarted. It is very strange," continued she in a tone of displeasure, "that you should refuse me a trifle. The importance you give it teaches me to take care of myself in matters that are more serious." At these words she quitted the room, leaving the philosopher confounded that so trifling an incident should destroy his hopes. "Rose-colour!" said he, "rose-colour! how ridiculous! what a contrast! she will have it so, I must submit:" and the philosopher wrote for the clothes.

"You are obeyed, Madam," said he to Clarissa, accosting her. "Has it cost you much?" demanded she with a smile of disdain.—"A great deal, Madam, more than I can express; but, in short, you would have it so." All the company admired the philosopher's head. Madam President, above all, swore by the great gods, that she had never seen any man's head so well dressed before. Aristus thanked her for so flattering a compliment. "Compliments!" resumed she, "compliments! I never make any. They are the false coin of the world." "Nothing was ever better conceived," cried the sage: "that deserves to be set down in writing." They perceived that Madam President was now

beginning the attack, and they left them to themselves. "You think then," said she to him, "that nobody but yourself can make sentences? I am a philosopher too, such as you see me." — "You, Madam! and of what sect? A Stoick, or an Epicurean?" — "Oh! take my word for it, the name is nothing. I have ten thousand crowns a year, which I spend with gaiety; I have good champagne which I drink with my friends: I enjoy a good state of health: I do what I please, and leave every one to live after their own manner. There's a sect for you!" — "It is well done, and exactly what Epicurus taught." — Oh! I declare to you I was taught nothing: all this comes of my own self. For these twenty years I have read nothing but the list of my wines and the bill of fare of my supper." — "Why, upon that footing you must be the happiest woman in the world." — "Happy! not entirely so: I want a husband of my own way of thinking. My present was a beast: good for nothing but the bar: he understood the law, and that was all. I want a man who knows how to love me, and who would employ himself about me alone." — "You may find a thousand, Madam." — "Oh, I want but one: but I would have him be a good one."

"Birth,

“ Birth, fortune, all that is perfectly indif-
“ ferent to me ; I attach myself only to the
“ man.” — “ Indeed, Madam, you astonish
“ me : you are the first woman in whom I
“ have found any principles ; but is it precisely
“ a husband that you want ?” — “ Yes, Sir, a
husband who shall be mine in all the forms.
“ These lovers are all rogues, who deceive us,
“ and who forsake us without leaving us room
“ to complain : whereas a husband is ours in
“ the face of the world : and if mine should
“ desert me, I should like to be able to go,
“ with my title in my hand, and in all honour
“ and honesty give a hundred slaps on the face
“ to the insolent hussy, that should have taken
“ him from me.” — “ Very good, Madam, very
“ good ! the right of property is an inviolable
“ right. But do you know that there are very
“ few souls like yours ? What courage, what
“ vigour !” — “ Oh, I have as much as a
“ lioness. I know I am not handsome ; but
“ ten thousand crowns a year, made over on
“ the wedding-day, are worth all the pretti-
“ nesses of a Lucinda or Clarissa ; and though
“ love be rare in this age, one ought to have
“ it for ten thousand crowns.” This conversa-
tion brought them back again to the house,
at the very instant that word was brought that
supper was ready.

Aristus appeared plunged in serious reflex-
ions ;

ions; he weighed the advantages and inconveniences that might attend his marrying the Lady President, and calculated how much longer a woman of fifty could live, swallowing every evening a bottle of champagne. A dispute which arose between Madam de Ponval and Clarissa, drew him out of his reverie. Doris gave rise to the dispute. "Is it possible," said she, "that Madam President should have been able to support for a whole hour a tête-à-tête with a philosopher, she who falls a yawning the moment one talks to her of reason!" — Truly," replied Madam de Ponval, "it is because your reason has not common sense: ask this wise man here if mine be not good. We talked of the state that suits an honest woman, and he agrees with me, that a good husband is by much the best for her." "Oh fie!" cried Clarissa, "are we made to be slaves? And what becomes then of that freedom, which is the first of all goods?" Cleon declaimed against this system of freedom; he maintained, that the union of hearts was very different from a state of slavery. Madam President supported this opinion, and declared that she could perceive no distinction between the love of freedom, and the love of libertinism. "May this glass of wine," said she, "be the last I shall drink, if I ever form the least dependence on any man"

“ man who shall not first have taken an oath
“ that he will be only mine. All the rest is
“ but froth.” “ And there now,” said Clarissa,
“ is the great mortification of marriage. Love
“ with its freedom loses all its delicacy. Is it
“ not so, Sir ?” demanded she of the philoso-
pher. — “ Why, Madam, I have thought as
“ you do ; yet it must be confessed that if free-
“ dom has its charms, it has also its dangers,
“ its rocks : happy dispositions are so great a
“ good, and inconstancy is so natural to man,
“ that the moment he feels a laudable inclina-
“ tion, he acts prudently in depriving himself
“ of the fatal power of changing.” — “ Do you
“ hear him, ladies ? These men for my money !
“ no flattery ! this is what is called a philoso-
“ pher. Try to seduce him if you can ; for
“ my part I retire quite charmed. Adieu, phi-
“ losopher, I want rest ; I did not shut my eyes
“ all last night, and I long to be asleep, in order
“ to have the pleasure of dreaming.” She ac-
companied this Adieu with an amorous glance,
twinkling with champagne. “ Ladies,” said
Lucinda, “ did you mind that look ?” “ Sure-
“ ly,” replied Doris, “ she is distracted for
“ Aristus ; that is clear.” — “ For me, Madam !
“ you do not think so ; our tastes, I believe,
“ and our tempers are not made for each other.
“ I drink little, I swear still less, and I do not
“ love to be confined.” — “ Ah ! Sir, ten thou-
“ sand crowns a year !” — “ Ten thousand
“ crowns

"crowns a year, Madam, are an insult when mentioned to persons like myself."

These words were repeated the next day to Madam the President, "Oh ! the insolent wretch !" said she ; " I am piqued : you shall see him at my feet." I pass slightly over the nocturnal reflections of the sage Aristus. A good coach, a commodious apartment, very far from my lady's, and the best cook in Paris ; such was his plan of life. " Our philosophers," said he, " perhaps will murmur a little. However, an ugly woman has in it something philosophical : at least, they will not suspect that I have pursued the pleasures of sensuality."

The day of his triumph arrives, and the suit of rose-colour along with it : he views it, and blushes through vanity, rather than shame. Cleon however came to see him, with the disturbed air of one possessed ; and after having cast an eye of indignation on the preparations for his dressing, " Sir," said he to him, " if I had to do with a man of the world, I should propose to him, by way of preface, to exchange a thrust with me. But I am speaking to a philosopher, and I come to assault him with no other arms than frankness and virtue." " What is the matter then ?" demanded the sage, somewhat confounded at this preamble. " I loved Clarissa," " Sir," replied Cleon : " she loved me, we
" were

“ were going to be married. I know not
“ what change is made all of a sudden in her
“ soul, but she will not hear me speak any
“ more either of marriage or of love. I
“ had at first only some suspicions concerning the cause; but this rose-coloured
“ suit confirms them. Rose-colour is her
“ passion; you adopt her colours: you are
“ my rival.”—“ I, Sir ?”—“ I cannot doubt
“ it, and all the circumstances that attest it
“ crowd themselves on my imagination: your
“ secret walks, your whispers in the ear,
“ looks and words that have escaped you, her
“ hatred particularly against Madam de Ponnal, every thing betrays you, every thing
“ serves to open my eyes. Hear then, Sir,
“ what I have to propose. One of us must
“ give place. Violence is an unjust method;
“ generosity will set us on good terms. I
“ love, I idolise Clarissa; I had been happy
“ but for you; I may still be so: my assiduities, time, and your absence, may bring
“ her back to me. If, on the contrary, I
“ must renounce her, you see one who will
“ be driven to despair, and death will be my
“ resource. Judge, Aristus, whether your
“ situation be the same. Consult yourself,
“ and answer me. If the happiness of your
“ life depends on giving up your conquest to
“ me, I require nothing, and I retire. “ Go,
“ Sir,” replied the philosopher to him with a
serene

serene air; "you shall never overcome Aristus in a point of generosity; and whatever it may cost me, I will prove to you that I merited this mark of esteem."

"At last," said he, when Cléon had left the room, "here is an opportunity of showing an heroic virtue. Ha, ha, you gentlemen of the world, you will learn to admire us . . . They will not know it perhaps . . . Oh yes: Clarissa will communicate it in confidence to her friends; these will tell it again to others: the adventure is uncommon enough to make a noise; after all, the worst that can happen will be to publish it myself.—It is necessary that a good deed should be known, and it matters not which way: our age has need of these examples: they are lessons for mankind . . . However, let me not become a dupe to my own virtues, and dispossess myself of Clarissa before I am sure of Madam President. Let me see what champagne and sleep may have produced."

While he reflected thus on his conduct, the philosopher dressed himself. The industrious Jasmin surpassed himself in dressing his head: the rose-coloured suit was put on before the looking-glass with a secret complacency, and the sage sallied out all radiant to visit Madam President, who received him with an exclamation of surprise. But passing all of a sudden from joy to confusion, "I perceive," said she,

"Clarissa's

“Clarissa’s favourite colour: you are attentive to study her taste. Go, Aristus, go and avail yourself of the trouble you take to please her: it will, no doubt, have its reward.” “My natural ingenuousness,” replied the philosopher, “permits me not to conceal from you, that in the choice of this colour I have followed only her caprice. I will do more, Madam; I will confess that my first desire was to please in her eyes. — The wisest is not without weakness; and when a woman prejudices us by flattering attentions, it is difficult not to be touched with them; but how my attachment is weakened! I acknowledge it with reproach to myself, Madam, and you ought also to reproach yourself for it.” — “Ah! philosopher, why is this not true! But this rose-colour confounds all my ideas.” — “Very well, Madam, I assumed it with regret; I now go to quit it with joy; and if my first simplicity” — “No, stay, I think you charming. But what do I say? Ah, how happy are people in being so handsome! Aristus, why am I not beautiful!” — “What! Madam, do not you know that ugliness and beauty exist only in opinion? Nothing is handsome, nothing ugly in itself. A beauty in one country is far from being reckoned beauty in another; so many men, so many minds.” “You flatter me,”
said

said Madam President with a childish bashfulness, and pretending to blush : “ but I
 “ know, alas ! but too well, that I have no-
 “ thing beautiful in me except my soul.”—
 “ Very well, and is not the supreme beauty
 “ the only charm worthy to touch the heart ?”
 —“ Ah, philosopher, believe me, That beauty
 “ alone has few charms.” —“ It has few, no
 “ doubt, for the vulgar ; but, to repeat it
 “ once more, you are not reduced to that.
 “ Is there nothing in a noble air, a command-
 “ ing look, and an expressive countenance ?
 “ And then as to majesty, is she not the queen
 “ of the Graces ?” —“ And for this plumpness
 “ of mine, what say you to that ?” —“ Ah,
 “ Madam, this plumpness, which is rec-
 “ koned an excess among us, is a beauty in
 “ Asia. Do you think, for example, that
 “ the Turks have no skill in women ? Well
 “ then, all those elegant figures which we
 “ admire at Paris would not even be admitted
 “ into the Grand Seignour’s seraglio : and
 “ the Grand Seignour is no fool. In a word,
 “ a rosy state of health is the mother of the
 “ pleasures, and plumpness is its symbol.”—
 “ You will bring me presently to believe that
 “ my fat is not unbecoming. But for this
 “ nose of mine, nose without end, which
 “ runs out before my face.” —“ Why, good
 “ God, what do you complain of ? Were
 “ not the noses of the Roman matrons noses
 “ without

“ without end? Observe all the ancient busts.”

—“ But at least they had not this great mouth,
“ and such blubber lips.” — “ Thick lips,

“ Madam, are the charm of the American

“ beauties : they are, as it were, two cu-

“ shions, on which soft and tender pleasure

“ takes its repose. As to a wide mouth, I

“ know nothing that gives the countenance

“ more openness and gaiety.” — “ True,

“ when the teeth are fine ; but unhappily . . .”

—“ Go to Siam, there fine teeth are vulgar,

“ and it is a scandal even to have any. Thus

“ all that is called beauty depends on the ca-

“ price of mankind, and the only real beauty

“ is the object which has charmed us. Shall

“ I be yours then, my dear philosopher ?”

demanded she, hiding her face behind her fan.

—“ Pardon me, Madam, if I hesitate. My

“ delicacy renders me timid, and I profess a

“ disinterestedness not yet sufficiently known

“ to you, to be above suspicion. You have

“ talked to me of ten thousand crowns a year,

“ and that circumstance makes me tremble.”

—“ Go, Sir, you are too just to impute to

“ me such mean suspicions ; it is Clarissa that

“ detains you ; I see your evasions ; leave me.”

—“ Yes, I leave you, to go and acquit my-

“ self of the promise I have just made to

“ Cleon. He was dismissed, he complained

“ to me of it, and I have promised him to

“ engage Clarissa to give him her hand. Now

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“ believe

"believe that I love her."—"Is it possible ?
"Oh, you charm me, and I cannot stand
"this sacrifice. Go and see her, I wait you
"here, do not let me languish : this very
"evening we will leave the country.

"I wonder at myself," said he as he was going off, "for having the courage to marry
"her. She is frightful ; but she is rich."—
He comes to Clarissa, finds her at her toilette, and Cleon along with her, who assumes, on seeing him, a dejected air. — "O ! the handsome suit !" cried she. "Come this way, that I may see you. It is quite delicious, is it not, Cleon ? It was my choice." "I see it plainly, Madam," replied Cleon, with a melancholy air. "Let us leave off this trifling," interrupted the philosopher ; "I am come to clear myself of a crime of which I am accused, and to fulfill a serious duty. Cleon loves you, you love him ; he has lost your heart, he tells me, and that I am the cause of it." — "Yes, Sir : and why all this mystery ? I have just been making a declaration of it to him."—"And I, Madam, declare to you, that I will never make unhappy a worthy man, who merits you, and dies if he loses you. I love you as much as he can love you : it is a confession which I am not ashamed to make ; but his inclination has been more rooted by the unconquerable force of habit than mine, and
"perhaps

“perhaps also I shall find in myself resources which he has not in himself.” “O, the wonderful man!” cried Cleon, embracing the philosopher. “What shall I say to you!” “You confound me.” “There is no mighty matter in all this,” replied the philosopher with humility: “your generosity set the example, I only imitate you.” “Come, ladies,” said Clarissa to Lucinda and Doris, whom she saw appear at that instant, “come and be witnesses of the triumph of philosophy. Aristus resigns me to his rival, and sacrifices his love for me to the happiness of a man he hardly knows.” Their astonishment and admiration were acted up to the life; and Aristus, taking Clarissa’s hand, which he put into Cleon’s, snuffed up in abundance, with a supercilious modesty, the incense of adoration. “Be happy,” said he to them, “and cease your astonishment at an effort, which, however painful, carries its recompense along with it. What would a philosopher be, if virtue were not all in all with him?” At these words he retired, as it were, to withdraw himself from his glory.

Madam President waited the philosopher’s coming. “Is it done then?” demanded she of him. “Yes, Madam, they are united; I am now my own and yours.”—“O, I triumph: you are mine. Come here then, that I may enchain you.”—“Ah! Madam,”
said

said he, falling at her knees, "what domination you have acquired over me! O Socrates! O Plato! what is become of your disciple? Do you yet know him in this state of abasement!" While he spoke thus, Madam President took a rose-coloured ribband, which she bound about the sage's neck, and imitating Lucinda in the *Oracle**, with the most comical infantine air in the world called him by the name of *Charmer*. "Good heaven! what would become of me if any body knew . . . Ah, Madam," said he, "let us fly, let us banish ourselves from a society that watches us; spare me the humiliation."—"What is it you call humiliation? I must have you glory in their presence that you are mine, that you wear my chain." At these words the door opens, and Madam President rises from her chair, holding the philosopher in a string. "See here," said she to the company, "see here this proud man, who sighs at my feet for the beauty of my purse: I deliver him up to you, I have played my part." At this picture the roof resounded with the name of *Charmer*, and innumerable peals of laughter. Aristus, tearing his hair, and rending his clothes with rage, launched out into reproaches on the perfidy of women, and went off to compose a book against the age, in which he roundly asserted, that there was no sage but himself.

* A farce.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



